CDC

NATIONAL REVIEW

35 Cents
April 9, 1963

A JOURNAL OF FACT AND OPINION

Stagnation in Sweden: Fun Without Laughter

DESMOND FENNELL

Who Gives a Whoop?

JAMES BURNHAM

Goldwater Country

JAMES JACKSON KILPATRICK

Articles and Reviews by · · · · FRANK S. MEYER
RALPH DE TOLEDANO · GARRY WILLS · ANTHONY HARRIGAN
W. H. VON DREELE · GUY DAVENPORT · FRITZ LEIBER

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"We find that MILIUM® makes coats easier to sell..."

INSULATED LINING

says
HERB RAY
Buyer of Coats and Suits
RICH'S
Atlanta, Ga.

"The MILIUM name... that our customers know and respect ...gives them confidence in the important warmth-without-weight story. My girls find the MILIUM hangtag makes the sale easier."

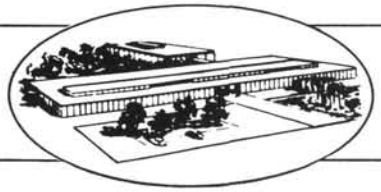
Milium®
INSULATED LINING

MILIUM® insulated lining endorsed by top stores, nationwide

Men's Clothing and Women's Coat and Raincoat buyers in important stores, nationwide, are testifying to the fact that Milium Insulated Lining is an important plus in any garment...an important selling plus for them. Milium Insulated Lining...that gives warmth without any extra bulk or weight...is but another example of how sales volume can be increased through scientific innovation.

We, at Deering Milliken, Inc., devote ourselves to constant research...seeking ever-new fabric developments. Our firm belief is that one important key to future economic growth lies in research.

Deering Milliken, Inc., 1045 Sixth Ave., New York 18, N.Y.



DEERING MILLIKEN RESEARCH CORPORATION
SPARTANBURG, S. C.
America's largest, most modern research facilities devoted exclusively to textile research.

®MILIUM is the Registered Trademark of Deering Milliken, Inc, for insulated fabrics.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NATIONAL REVIEW

A JOURNAL OF FACT AND OPINION

EDITOR: Wm. F. Buckley Jr.
PUBLISHER: William A. Rusher

EDITORS

L. Brent Bozell, James Burnham, Willmoore Kendall, Frank S. Meyer, William F. Rickenbacker
MANAGING EDITOR: Priscilla L. Buckley
PRODUCTION: Martha Butler, Arlene Croce
ASSISTANT PUBLISHER: J. P. McFadden

ASSOCIATES

Frank Chodorov, D. G. M. Coxe, Morrie Ryskind, Timothy J. Wheeler

CONTRIBUTORS

C. D. Batchelor, Colm Brogan, John Chamberlain, John Abbot Clark, Peter Crumpet, Guy Davenport, A. Derso, Joan Didion, M. Stanton Evans, Finis Farr, David Franke, J. D. Futch, Henry Hazlitt, Aloise B. Heath, Will Herberg, Hugh Kenner, James Jackson Kilpatrick, John D. Kreuttner, Suzanne La Follette, Sir Arnold Lunn, J. B. Matthews, Vincent Miller, Thomas Molnar, Gerhart Niemeyer, Kenneth Shorey, Ralph de Toledano, W. H. von Dreele, Richard M. Weaver, Frederick D. Wilhelmsen, Garry Wills

FOREIGN CONTRIBUTORS

London: Anthony Lejeune
Munich: E. v. Kuehnelt-Leddihn

ART DIRECTOR: James W. O'Bryan
CIRCULATION MANAGER: Robert J. White
PROMOTION MANAGER: Patrick J. Gorman
ADVERTISING MANAGER: Michael M. Mooney

CONTENTS *APRIL 9, 1963 VOL. XIV, NO. 14*

THE WEEK 263

ARTICLES, DEPARTMENTS

The Violation of Arthur .....*Wm. F. Buckley Jr.* 271
From Washington Straight .....*Cato* 272
Goodbye to Summer .....*Desmond Fennell* 273
The Unthinkables .....*Victor Gold* 278
Who Gives a Whoop? .....*James Burnham* 279
Khrushchev, Mao and Orthodoxy ..*Frank S. Meyer* 280
Goldwater Country .....*James Jackson Kilpatrick* 281
The Case for Gas Warfare .....*Anthony Harrigan* 283
Professional Brawn in College .....*Russell Kirk* 284
To the Editor 295

BOOKS, ARTS, MANNERS

The Care and Feeding of Moloch .....*Garry Wills* 285
Novels with Masks .....*Guy Davenport* 287
Cuba Story, Wraps Off .....*Ralph de Toledano* 288
Way-Out Science .....*Fritz Leiber* 289
All Aboard for Allegory .....*W. H. von Dreele* 291
Books in Brief 293

NATIONAL REVIEW is published weekly by National Review, Inc. at 163 Pratt St., Meriden, Conn. (second class postage paid at Meriden, Conn.). Copyright 1963 in the U.S.A., by National Review, Inc. All manuscripts, letters, subscription orders, changes of address and undeliverable copies should be sent to:

EDITORIAL AND CIRCULATION OFFICES
National Review
150 East 35th St., New York 16, N.Y.
Telephone ORegon 9-7330

RATES: $16.00 a year ($9.00 for the 36-page issues, and $7.00 for the 8-page issues published on the alternate fortnights). In all cases, add $1.00 for Canada, $2.00 for other foreign subscriptions.

The editors cannot be responsible for unsolicited manuscripts unless return postage, or better, a stamped self-addressed envelope is enclosed. Opinions expressed in signed articles do not necessarily represent the views of the editors.

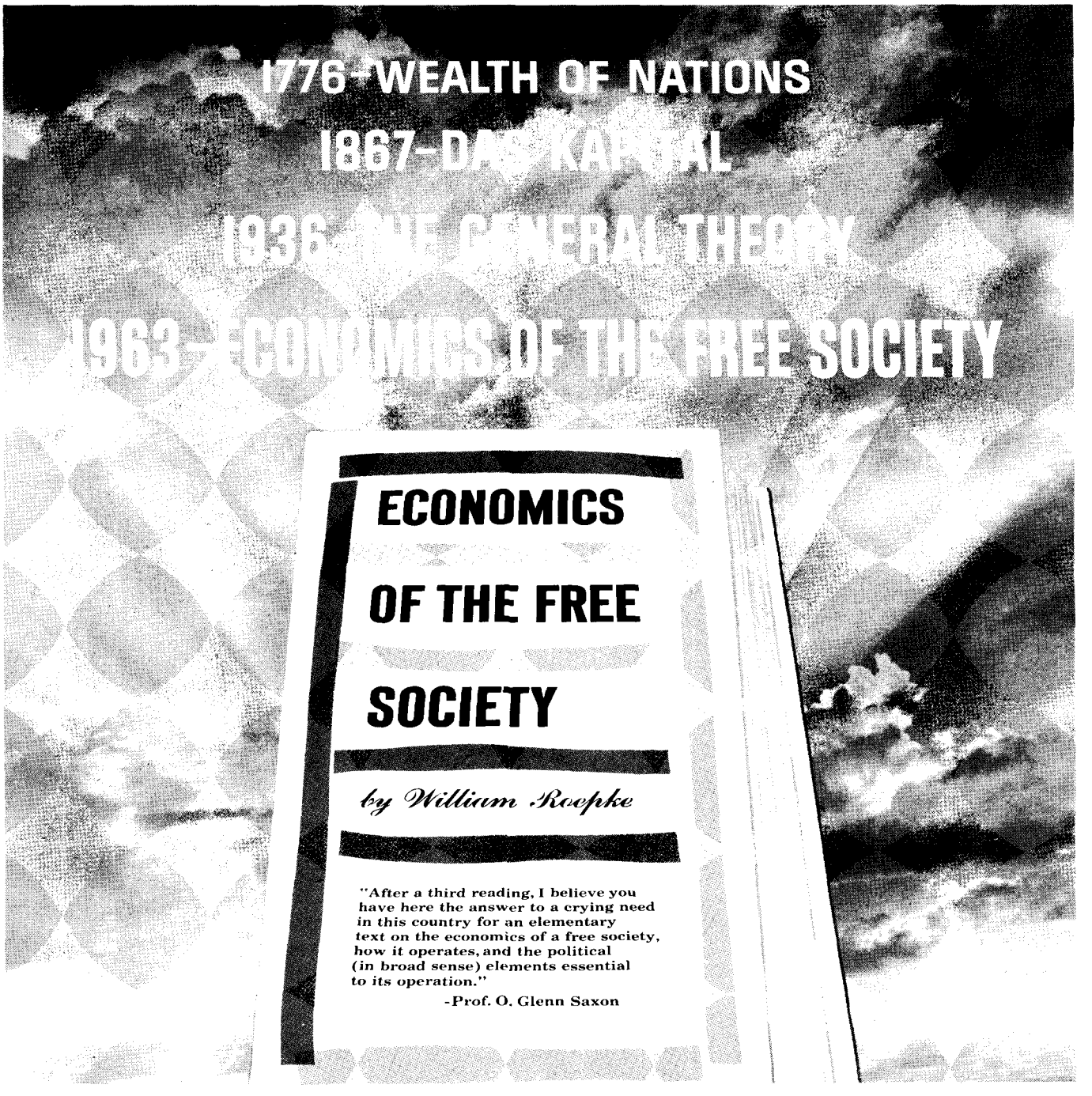
In This Issue . . .

➔ **Desmond Fennell,** a perceptive Englishman actively curious to experience life in Sweden, where all material cares are the property of the state, reports on his protracted stay there. Do you remember the flap a few years ago when Eisenhower described life in Sweden, and then later (while in Sweden) apologized for what he had said? Well, he was right the first time. . . . **James Jackson Kilpatrick,** the eloquent editor of the *Richmond News Leader,* writes a cool, informed piece about the reasons why the South and Barry Goldwater are on the same wave length, and they have nothing to do with segregation. . . . **Victor Gold,** who works for the public relations firm of Selvage & Lee, writes a memorandum, in the modern mode, on how to deal with the Dillinger mob. . . . **Anthony Harrigan,** another distinguished Southerner, of the *Charleston News and Courier,* is among other things a close student of military affairs. He comes out and says what long has needed saying: that the thing to do in South Vietnam is to use gas. Address complaints to the U.S. Military Hospital, Saigon.

➔ **Wm. F. Buckley Jr.,** it appears, has violated the privacy of Arthur Schlesinger Jr., which Mr. Schlesinger has been so carefully husbanding all these years, you will have noted. Result? Schlesinger has announced he will sue a) Putnam's (publisher of Buckley's forthcoming *Rumbles Left and Right*), b) NATIONAL REVIEW and c) WFB. He wants us to apologize, ha ha, for quoting Schlesinger's quote about Buckley! You figure it out. . . . **James Burnham** reveals that Walter Lippmann was actually correct in arguing recently that there was no "war party in this country, only a 'War whoop Party'"; and makes a constructive suggestion for anyone desiring to be President of the United States. Mr. Burnham is off to gather material in Europe, and to complete his book on contemporary Liberalism, an extension of a series of lectures he recently delivered at his alma mater, Princeton. . . . **Frank Meyer,** who knows all about the Moulding of a Communist, explores the fantasies we are busy building around the differences, real enough, between Khrushchev and Mao. . . . And **Russell Kirk** discusses the professionalization of athletics in the big colleges, bemoaning the fact that nowadays, to qualify to play a sport at college, you really ought to be a gorilla.

➔ Better a gorilla, come to think of it, than such an intellectual as contributed to the book **Garry Wills** here reviews; who, in English that will curl your hair, happily prescribes for a tyrannical society. . . . **Guy Davenport** of Haverford College takes on three novels, and **Ralph de Toledano** two important new books about the Cuban disaster. . . . **Fritz Leiber,** a well-known writer on, and editor of, science and science fiction, reviews two fascinating books. . . . And **W. H. von Dreele** regrets the closing of Tennessee Williams' latest play, *The Milk Train Doesn't Stop Here Any More.* ➔

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED


1776-WEALTH OF NATIONS
1867-DAS KAPITAL
1936-THE GENERAL THEORY
1963-ECONOMICS OF THE FREE SOCIETY
ECONOMICS
OF THE FREE
SOCIETY
by William Roepke
"After a third reading, I believe you have here the answer to a crying need in this country for an elementary text on the economics of a free society, how it operates, and the political (in broad sense) elements essential to its operation."
-Prof. O. Glenn Saxon

A new approach . . . practical as well as profoundly theoretical . . . by the man whose wisdom guided West Germany's astonishing post-war recovery.

A great work . . . written to be enjoyed as well as studied. Now available in English.

Translated by Professor Patrick M. Boarman of Bucknell University.

At Your Favorite Bookseller or Direct from the Publisher **$4.95**

ROEPKE Confiscated by the Gestapo when first published in Vienna in 1937 . . . a sellout in Paris despite the Nazi occupation . . . printed in Swedish, Finnish, Italian, French, and 9 Swiss (German) editions. This book attests to Roepke's influence (equal in Europe to that of Keynes in America). This first English translation, revised and updated, includes topics of U.S. interest, presages his influence on our own economic future. A coherent description of the whole economic process, scrupulously scientific, but understandable and interesting to everyone of average education, it pictures the intellectual heritage we call Economics, describes what timely services it can render when soundly applied to the burning questions of the moment.

Henry REGNERY Company
CHICAGO 4, ILLINOIS

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Rome, London and Paris are three of the cities you can visit on KLM's new "$5-a-day Plan." Clip coupon for more details.

How to see Europe with KLM and spend only $5 a day on bed, breakfast and sightseeing

This summer, thousands of Americans will see Europe on an unusual, new kind of tour. They will plan their own itineraries, set their own pace—yet pay the low prices that most people think are available only on the least expensive group tours. This new tour plan has been developed by KLM and the careful, punctual Dutch.

"THE great advantage of our new tours," says Charles Bulterman, KLM's Tour Manager, "is that you visit only the cities you want to see—no more and no less—and you stay exactly as long as you want in each."

What you get for $5 a day

Here is what KLM's $5-a-day tour plan includes:

1. Accommodations in good, comfortable hotels—the kind where you are likely to meet more European than American travelers.

2. A hearty European breakfast.

3. At least one sightseeing tour in every city you visit—and two in many of them.

4. In some cities, lunch will be included. KLM also has $10 and $15 a day tour plans. They provide more luxurious accommodations, lunch or dinner in most cities, and extra sightseeing tours.

"KLM can bring you these low prices," Mr. Bulterman explains, "because it has been flying around Europe for 43 years. This has given us time to evaluate hundreds of lower-priced hotels. We now know the best bargains."

How the plan works

KLM's plan is simplicity itself. First, decide how many days you want to spend in Europe and whether you want to spend $5, $10, or $15 a day. Then decide which cities you want to visit, and how long you want to stay in each.

Next, take all this information to your travel agent and tell him you want to fly on KLM's plan-it-yourself tours. And that's all there is to it. He'll do the rest.

How KLM can save you more money

KLM can cut the cost of your European tour still further. If you fly to the farthest city on your itinerary, KLM lets you visit the others for *little or no extra fare.*

KLM will also advise you about reliable, inexpensive restaurants where you can have lunch or dinner for less than $2.

You can take your whole tour on KLM's pay later plan—ten percent down and up to two years to pay. KLM's interest rate is lower than most bank rates.

Send for free booklet of 27 KLM tours

Clip the coupon below for a free copy of KLM's new 20-page booklet, "Gateway to Travel Enchantment." It gives you fuller details of KLM's $5-a-day Plan, and tells you about *twenty-six* other tours planned by KLM and the careful, punctual Dutch.

The booklet also tells you how to see 25 extra cities *for no extra air fare,* and how to earn a *free tour.*

For information, see your travel agent, call KLM, or mail coupon.

KLM Royal Dutch Airlines
609 Fifth Ave., New York 17
Tel: PLaza 9-3600

Please send me KLM's new 20-page booklet of tours and stopover plans, "Gateway to Travel Enchantment."

Mr. / Mrs. / Miss _____

Address _____

City _____ Zone ___ State _____

NR-1T *(Name of your travel agent)*

KLM ROYAL DUTCH AIRLINES

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CORROSION & DOWNTIME

Kennametal* fights corrosion ... and wear ... and downtime

Corrosion, abrasion, and wear . . . when these three team up and go to work on machine parts—profits shrink rapidly. It's not just the cost of the part that has to be replaced—it's the lost production that really hurts.

Wherever corrosion-wear is severe, Kennametal tungsten carbides offer a solution that can help stop the drain on profits. With a wear resistance up to 100 times that of the hardest steel and corrosion resistance nearly that of the noble metals, Kennametal offers a powerful weapon in the fight to preserve profits.

Manufacturers in many fields have found that Kennametal not only provides the answer to many present problems, but also offers new solutions to designers and innovators. These carbides with their unique properties are at work in all industries today. Here are a few examples of how production experts have used Kennametal to solve corrosion-wear problems:

1. Hydrofluoric acid seal ring—Here is a real corrosion-wear problem. In this Durametallic (Type RO-TT) seal, Kennametal seal rings replaced previously-used packing. The seal handles 98% hydrofluoric acid pumped at 12-30 psi. Inspected after four months' use, the tough Kennametal seals showed no measurable wear. Formerly, the packing had to be replaced every several days.

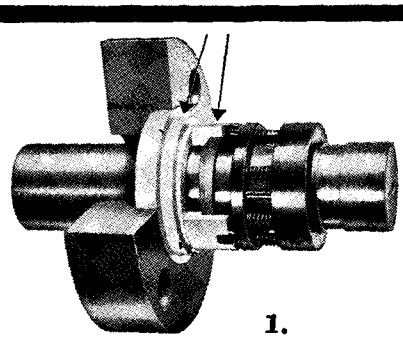
2. Needle valves—This is a giant, the cone alone weighing 57¼ pounds. Used in an oil refinery, the cone and ring assembly is used as a pressure regulator in the recovery of catalyst chemicals from exhaust gases. Temperatures to 1100°F and pressure differential of 215 psi are resisted by this assembly made of Kennametal, despite abrasive fly-ash and catalyst in the gases.

3. Four critical parts in this submicron dispersing valve are made of Kennametal to provide longer valve life and improve product uniformity. The solid-liquid dispersion medium moves at supersonic speeds under pressures up to 8000 psig. The highly abrasive and corrosive dispersion medium quickly wears away parts made of other materials.

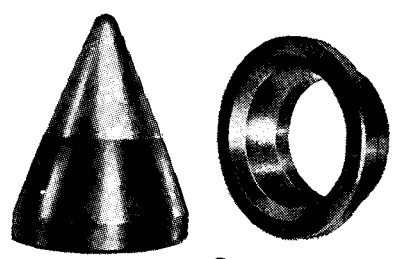
Kennametal hard carbides also have high resistance to impact, galling, deformation and heat. Use the coupon to get your copy of "Proven Uses of Kennametal" which describes more than 80 actual case histories. KENNAMETAL INC., Latrobe, Pennsylvania.

*Trademark

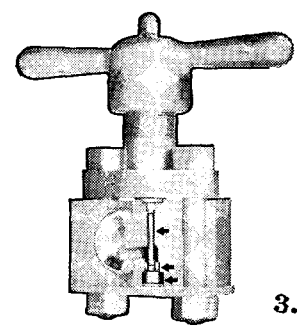
45383



1.



2.



3.

KENNAMETAL Inc.

Kennametal Inc., Dept. NR, Latrobe, Pennsylvania

☐ Send me Booklet B-666 "Proven Uses of Kennametal"

☐ Have a Kennametal Carbide Engineer call to discuss

Name_____

Title_____

Company_____

Address_____

City_____ Zone____ State_____

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The WEEK

● Senator Neuberger (D., Ore.) has introduced S.869, "a bill to authorize the burial of certain news correspondents in national cemeteries." NATIONAL REVIEW amendment: equal space for news managers.

● The Senate Committee on Foreign Relations has received a bill (S. 1171) sponsored by Senators Clark (D., Pa.), Humphrey (D., Minn.), Morse (D., Ore.), Hart (D., Mich.), Young (D., Ohio), Douglas (D., Ill.), and Williams (D., N.J.). In their bill this in-group of far-outs would "give the American people an opportunity" to support the UN directly, by issuing $50 million of "peace bonds" under exactly the terms surrounding the issue of U.S. Series E Savings Bonds, for the personal use of the President, with the consent of the Congress, in supporting the "peace-keeping" functions of the UN, above and beyond the normal U.S. contributions to the UN's various endeavors. One might almost hope the weird bill might become law, in order to find out whether the domestic UN boosters are as loose with their cash as they are with their tongues.

● Having discovered that war is an expensive form of diplomacy, and that the World Court thinks the UN army payroll is a normal expense of the organization and is therefore assessable among the members, the UN General Assembly faces a dilemma in its effort to raise cash. If it votes to put the World Court decision into effect, it will run the risk of making the Soviet Union angry; the Soviet Union refuses to pay "peace-keeping" costs, pretending to prefer the UN to run such operations through the Security Council, where the Soviet veto lies ever at hand. Or, if the General Assembly hasn't the spirit to face up to Khrushchev's shoe-thumping, then it cannot avoid the implication that the trappings of a World Court decision and the trumpeting of Assembly orators mean exactly nothing. So the UN has taken the third way, the bureaucratic way: it has set up a 21-nation working group to study the question. In due course the study group will no doubt publish a solution, expressed in units of U.S. dollars.

● Senator Barry Goldwater has smoked out an Administration no-weenie roast. Under consideration, he revealed, was a plan whereby the U.S. and the Soviet Union would each contribute thirty bombers to a large heap to which a ceremonial match would be put, and 'round the bonfire exotic ritual disarmament dances executed. The Administration managed quickly to deny all. But, on reflection, it thought, just perhaps there might have been evidence indicating that a possibility existed that such a plan could conceivably, hmmm, have been thought over. And rejected, of course.

● Last week, New York had its first anti-Semitic rally since the days of the German-American Bund. Malcolm X, No. 2 Black Muslim, denounced the Jews before a cheering Harlem mob of 2,500. Also present was old racist Adam Clayton Powell Jr., who took time off from an arduous holiday schedule in Puerto Rico to demand a Negro boycott of the NAACP because "whites control it." Several of the top whites on the NAACP are Jewish, and Powell was apparently trying to capitalize on the widespread anti-Semitism in Harlem. He was also retaliating against the NAACP for its refusal to brand his congressional critics as "anti-Negro." Although Powell's prestige in the nation is at a new low, his following at home is large and devoted. His public support of the Black Muslims could signal a new and ugly turn in American racial problems.

● The disclosure that the UN Special Fund—40 per cent U.S.-financed—has granted about $3 million to Communist Cuba for "agricultural research" caused an uproar. Special Fund Managing Director Paul Hoffman, nervously returning the fire, crossed his fingers and allowed that not "one single American dollar" was going to Castro, by which he meant that Castro would receive foreign currency. Adlai Stevenson, U.S. Ambassador to the UN, in a letter to Rep. Monagan (D., Conn.) "felt no hesitancy in vigorously opposing *an ill-timed project*" (emphasis supplied, of course). And the Administration rests secure in the thought that Castro, through "gross governmental mismanagement," will just waste the money.

● Morocco's King Hassan II, a personable enough young fellow, arrived last week for an eleven-day visit, crown in hand. It will be heaped with democratic jewels, he feels confident, to bear back to Rabat, there to inform the Soviet ambassador that they must be matched from Communist coffers. King Hassan's negotiations with Washington proceed from a curious logical foundation. On his father's harassing insistence, our government agreed in 1959 to abandon the three great air bases we had built in Morocco (Sidi Slimane, Nouasseur and Ben Guerir) and the naval base at Kenitra (Port Lyautey); and their closeout is scheduled shortly. But the economy of independent Morocco has been largely dependent on those very bases: on the half billion dollars' worth of U.S. economic aid poured in since 1957 as a kind of rental; $20 million annual military aid; $50 million worth of food; and the nearly $20 million dispensed annually in maintaining the bases. So now

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

King Hassan has to explain that Morocco deserves as much money for forcing us to quit the bases as once it did for letting us have them. Early in March the 7,000 Moroccan workers at the bases staged a general strike *against* the approaching farewell of the Americans, which means also a farewell to their jobs.

● Lord Shackleton has informed the House of Lords that the consumption of foods produced under the protection of DDT and other insecticides has rendered American citizens distasteful to the palates of South Seas cannibals, whereas British citizens, who have been exposed in their diet to fewer benefits of modern technocratic culture, continue to be greeted with toothy smiles in Polynesia. So underdevelopment feeds on itself.

● In their anti-German campaign the Communists and the Left make much of the charge that the West German Government is riddled with Nazis. The *Münchner Merkur* has put that charge in perspective by ticking off some of the former Nazis now in high positions in the Communist East German regime: Agricultural Minister Reichelt, Minister of Education Bentzien, Navy chief Rear Admiral Neukirchen, Foreign Affairs Minister Kegel, deputy chief editor Kertszcher of the Party organ *Neues Deutschland,* chief press officer Blecha, chief reporter Gerstner of the (East) *Berliner Zeitung,* and Major General von Lenski.

● No East German official—be he a member of a trade mission or of a soccer team—will hereafter be allowed into Belgium. The reason, according to Foreign Minister Paul-Henri Spaak: "It is difficult for us to issue permits to representatives of a government that erects a wall which the world describes as a Wall of Shame."

● Two men thought to be Israeli agents have been arrested in Switzerland on suspicion of intimidating the relatives of a German scientist working in Egypt into persuading him to come home. Extradition of the pair was asked by the West German Government in connection with a murder attempt on another German scientist at Lorrach, Germany. The Israeli operation thus uncovered (obviously to counter Nasser's arming of Egypt, aided by German scientists, with missiles and possibly nuclear warheads) is one more disturbing example of the increasing reliance of modern states on extranational terror and assassination. It follows the grisly tradition in which the Soviet GPU reached out for Walter Krivitsky, Ignace Reiss, Stepan Bandera, Juliet Stuart Poyntz, and hundreds of others on foreign soil, and carried out wholesale kidnapping and murder during the Spanish and Greek civil wars. The Israeli kidnapping of Adolf Eichmann from Argentina and the French kidnapping of Antoine Argoud from Munich suggest that the habit is contagious.

● "The Defenders," a well-turned-out weekly television program centering on the valiant exploits of a father and son defense attorney team, has a curious and rather old-fashioned way of glamorizing atheism. The young atheist is its all-American boy. A couple of programs ago the bright-cheeked hero was an idealistic young preparatory school teacher fired by a board of trustees merely because he was an atheist —a trivial offense, The Defenders made clear, hardly falling within the proper limits of curiosity of a school's board of trustees. Indeed religion has become, as Canon Bell once remarked, merely a "pastime, preferred by a few to golf or canasta." Well, The Defenders get the atheist off, and back he goes to his classroom, where of course he scrupulously desists from inculcating his own views on his students. Ho hum. Chesterton once observed about Hardy, and Hardy spent the rest of his life not getting over it, that all his novels boiled down to the village atheist writing about the village idiot. If The Defenders want a really tough case to defend, let them reach into the really fashionable universities, and defend from the contumely of his colleagues someone, say in the Department of Sociology, who believes in and practices religion. But then The Defenders aren't miracle-workers, are they? They don't even believe in miracles, we warrant.

● The National Catholic Welfare Conference, by its sponsorship of the univocally pro-union views of Monsignor George Higgins, has done much to give the impression to the community that the Catholic Church is thoroughly in sympathy with the kind of labor unionism we have in the United States, insensitive to its excesses, and unconcerned about such abuses of individual rights as the union shop. A lonely Jesuit priest, Fr. John E. Coogan of West Baden College in Indiana, has for years labored to crystallize the position of the Popes and the bishops and the theologians on the labor union problem, and recently he has put together a pamphlet in question-and-answer form which devastates the conceits of those Catholics who like to give the impression that the Church has a closed-shop view on labor unions. It is fascinating reading for Catholics and non-Catholics, and is available from the Central Bureau Press, 3835 Westminster Place, St. Louis 8, Mo., for 15 cents. Plans are to fulfill orders even if the Press is picketed by Monsignor Higgins.

● "A youth aged eighteen, said to have signed on in the Army for 22 years with the express intention of converting his comrades to anti-nuclear views, was

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

sentenced . . . to a year's imprisonment and ordered to be discharged with ignominy."—The London *Times*. When I was a lad I served a term/As a sycophant in Lord Russell's firm/I marched on Holy and I sat-down struck/And I joined the military there to try my luck/*He joined the military there to try his luck/* So well did I discharge there my sworn duty/That the bloody brass ignominiously discharged me/*So well did he discharge there his sworn duty/That the bloody brass discharged him ignominiously.* Etc.

● From the London *Times* parliamentary report of the March 8 session:

MR. WARBEY (Birmingham, Ashfield, Lab.) asked the Lord Privy Seal whether he would seek to arrange an early meeting with General de Gaulle to discuss the future maintenance of good relations between the United Kingdom and France following the breakdown of the Brussels negotiations.

MR. HEATH, in a written reply, states: No.

● One of these years, by golly, Penfield (N.Y.) means to build a new school. So the school board buys a 24-acre school site. And not having the construction scheduled as yet, the board votes to not-grow crops on it, that is, to put it in the U.S. Soil Bank and bank a few hundred soiled U.S. dollars. What crop to not-grow on a school site? Wild oats.

● "Pancakes without regard to grease, grid or refridgin'!" roars the National Association for the Advancement of Corn Pone (NAACP). "Equal rights for yolks and whites!" the Congress for Runny Eggs (CORE) chants. The Dispute, apparently on its way to the Fried Eggs, Pork Sausage and Coffee (FEPC), concerns a Brighton, New York establishment called Aunt Jemima Pancake House. Aunt J., it seems, a well-known N*gr*ss, is a "mammy-type" and a "negative stereotype of a N*gr* subservient to a Wh*t* family," hence her appearance on Pancake Houses or flour boxes is "degrading," which never occurred to *you,* did it? Whether the Flapjack Controversy gets to the White House depends on how many additional flaps Jack can Syrup.

● Irked in Irkutsk was Mrs. V. Marina, to whom Siberia is home, not Siberia. In a biting letter to the *Moscow Literary Gazette,* she suggests that Leningrad and Moscow set up their own houses of correction for hooligans, drunkards and ladies of light morality, instead of sending them all north to bother the Kremlin-fearing citizens of Siberia. A little discrimination in deportation is what Mrs. Marina is after.

● Observers of the current Administration fad of 50-mile hikes have noticed it's nothing new; we've been retreating at that rate since the Bay of Pigs.

The Feat of Clay

General Lucius Clay has submitted the report by the group he led in studying this country's foreign aid programs, and no doubt it's a bright achievement in at least one way: it bristles with energetic statements, the total meaning of which is to leave things be.

If you don't like the idea of foreign aid, General Clay will please you with his praise of the Hickenlooper Amendment (depriving of aid those countries that expropriate American assets) and his plaint concerning "attempting too much for too many" in 95 nations and territories.

If you think our foreign aid is necessary to keep Communism out of underdeveloped lands, you will find a friend in General Clay: "We live in a world in which poverty, sickness, instability and turmoil are rife and where a relentless Communist imperialism manipulates this misery to subvert men and nations from freedom's cause."

Or maybe you don't think Communism is a threat in underdeveloped lands. General Clay will switch-hit for you: "It can always be said that in fragile, new, developing countries, the United States must provide aid lest they accept it from Communist nations with resulting political penetration and eventual subversion. We cannot accept this view."

If you think aid should be ladled out indiscriminately, General Clay will oblige: ". . . aid to countries which are avowedly neutral and sometimes critical of us may be in order. . . ."

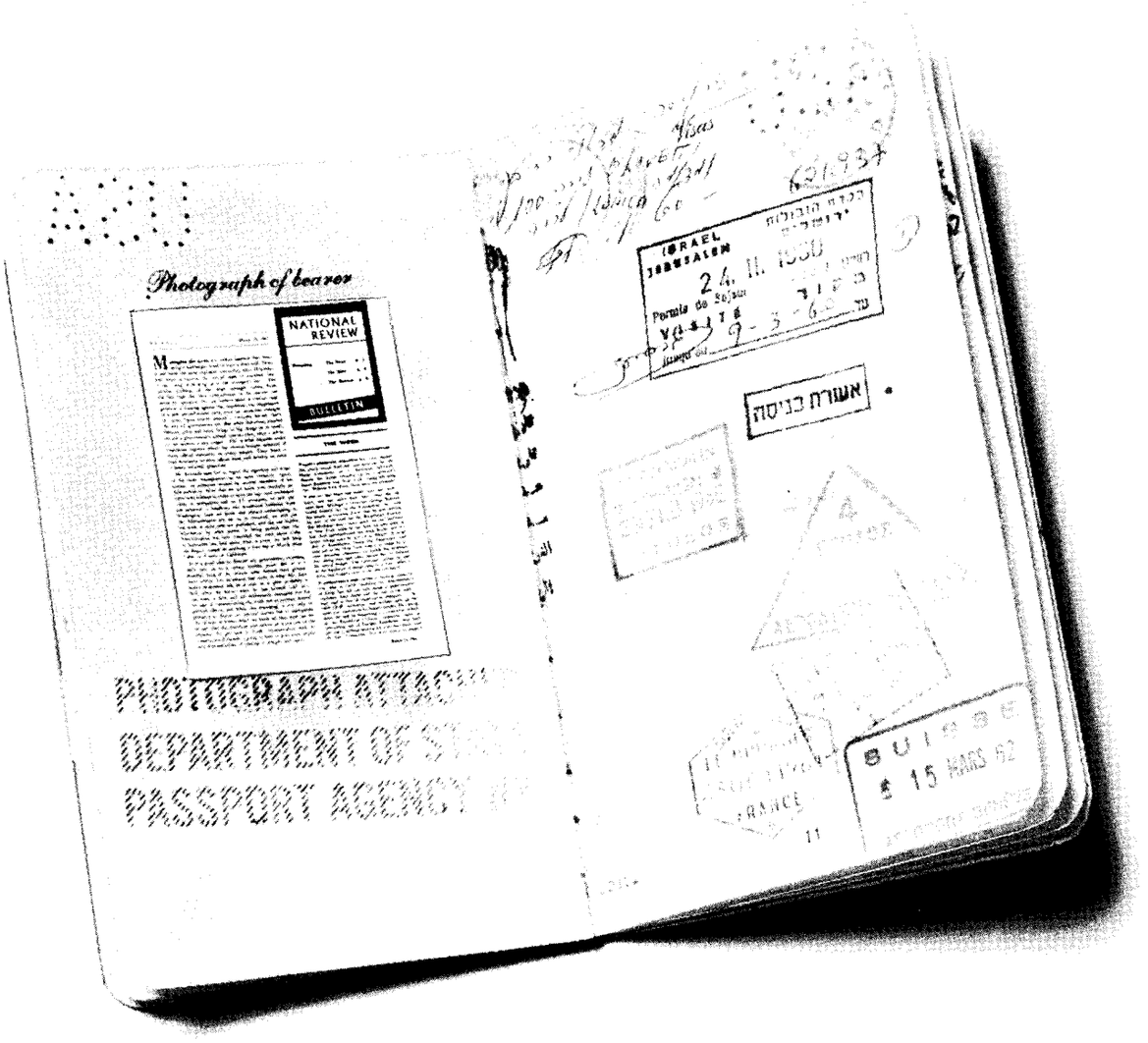
And of course General Clay agrees wholeheartedly with the opposite contention, too: "We are convinced that the U.S. must take more risks for the purpose of obtaining performance from foreign governments . . . and accept the consequences that in some countries there will be less friendly political climates."

Throughout the report two themes are intertwined, one the constant hopeful emphasis on the Alliance for Progress, the other the long-term disengagement, if not complete withdrawal, of U.S. military forces and military assistance.

Far from being a critical analysis of foreign aid, the report concludes with a ringing pronouncement that such aid would be going on anyway, even if it weren't needed on any objectively measurable grounds. It is, says General Clay, "a part of the American tradition."

Well, the Monroe Doctrine was a part of American tradition, too, but the tradition-managers in the White House have taken care of that. It would even appear that foreign aid is now the only defense anyone has. Latin America, according to General Clay, shouldn't even arm in its own defense. The most hair-raising sentence in the whole report says so quite plainly:

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



The New Bulletin Really Gets Around

Important news seems to happen just about *everywhere* nowadays.

So the new **Bulletin** reports it.

It carries exclusive news from some of the strangest places: Sana (Yemen), Katmandu (the capital of strategic Nepal—remember?), Lome (Togo), Zomba (Nyasaland), Najran (Saudi Arabia), Lagos (Nigeria).

That's just a sampling from a few recent issues, which also carried dispatches from London, Ankara, Milan, Athens, Moscow, New Delhi, Melbourne, Geneva, Taipei and Leipzig, among other places well known.

Of course, the **Bulletin** also has excellent national coverage, plus special features like *On the Left*, a behind-the-scenes report of what Left-wingers are up to, at home and abroad; *People*, a regular column jam-packed with names in the news, and a really good business column by Donald I. Rogers, noted financial expert.

Which is why we ask: don't *you* want to subscribe to the new **Bulletin**? (If you haven't already, that is—thousands of our readers *have*.)

Why not make the **Bulletin** your passport to the news you can't get elsewhere? You'll be glad you did. In addition to bringing you *National Review* every week,* the new **Bulletin** comes to you in a fast-reading new format specially designed for busy people (you can read it in just 30 minutes!).

You can order a full half-year trial subscription to the new **Bulletin** right now for **only $3.39.** Just fill out and mail the handy card facing this page *today* and we'll start your subscription immediately.

*The **Bulletin** is the eight-page fortnightly newsletter which appears on alternate weeks, when the Magazine is not published. Available by subscription only.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Latin American military forces are not required for hemispheric defense in the event of external attack."

That's what the man said, Fidel.

Wall Over the Caribbean

"We will build a wall around Cuba—not a wall of mortar or brick or barbed wire, but a wall of dedicated men determined to protect their freedom and sovereignty!" The rousing allusive metaphor that doesn't *quite* come off has the authentic Kennedy-*cum*-Schlesinger flavor, but for the life of us we can't figure out the sentence's relevance or just plain meaning. Still, the quarter of a million Costa Ricans, Secret Service operatives and security agents lining the streets of San José were not much bothered over relevance and meaning during the President's visit. The weather was fine for looking, shouting, waving and singing as *Kennedy, el macho divino* ("The heavenly he-man") rolled triumphantly by.

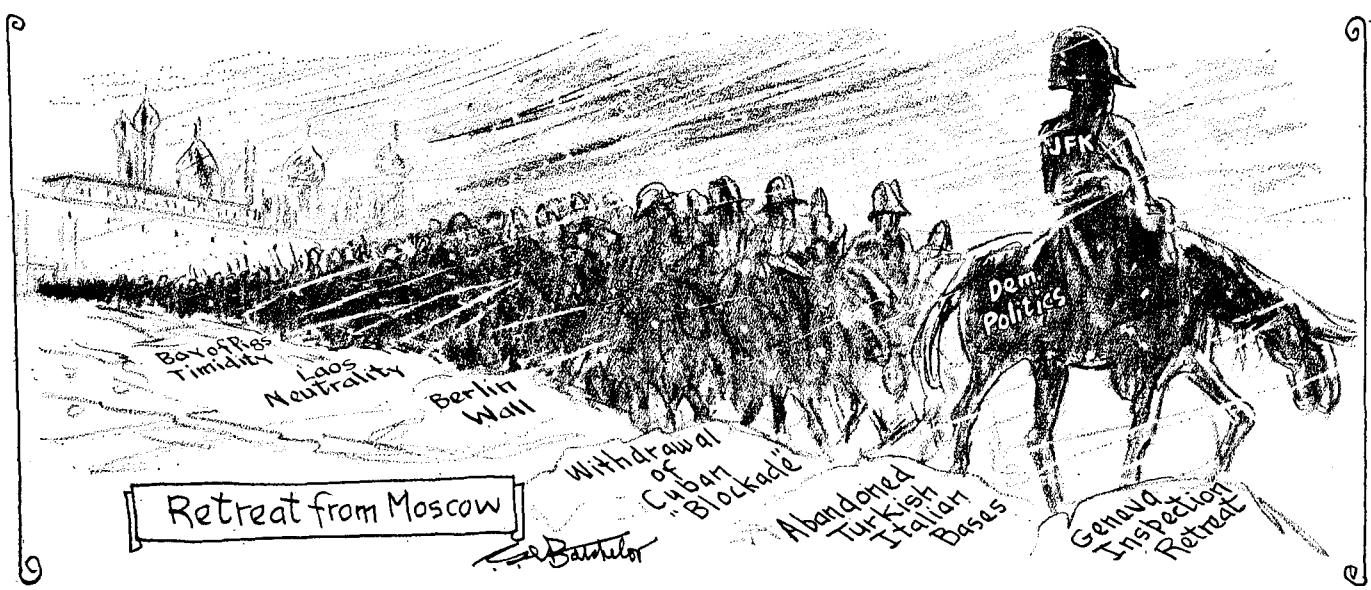
The atmosphere grew slowly cooler, though, in the closed sessions where Mr. Kennedy met with six of the Central American presidents. The empty chair reserved for the President of the seventh and largest cast its long shadow from the beginning. And as the talk wore on, it became clear to all the participants that on the one problem that dominated the gathering the one man who could have had something serious to say was going to remain silent. So the net result was once more the cheers, the empty rhetoric and the vague plans for reform and development. Communism is going to be kept out of Central America, it seems, by clearing a bit of jungle, building roads, and putting up a few prefabricated houses.

Castro and Khrushchev drew the appropriate conclusions from so abject a failure to confront the Caribbean realities. Within the week, Guatemala was under large-scale Communist assault from inside and out, many of the threatening arms and men filtered in from Cuba. A state of siege has been declared, and as we go to press there are the first reports of mounting violence. Six months from now, will we hear Mr. Kennedy begin his address to the next Central American convocation: "We will build a wall around Cuba and Guatemala. . . ."?

Britain Veers Left

On March 27 Britain's Conservative Party went down to a staggering defeat in the first parliamentary by-election since the simultaneous collapse of the Skybolt system and Prime Minister Macmillan's bid for Common Market membership. It had been assumed that the seat—at Colne in the Yorkshire textile and engineering district—would be won again by Labor, as it has been for several decades, and that the Tory percentage would fall to some extent. A National Opinion Poll conducted three days before the voting indicated a drop of 6.6 per cent in the Tory vote from the 1959 general election. But in the event, the Conservatives, getting only 15 per cent of the total, dropped to less than half of their 1959 figures. Labor, winning, was off a small fraction, with the Liberals advancing from 25.8 per cent to 39.5 per cent by picking up the fallen Tories. This outcome at Colne proves that the Conservative slump that set in last autumn is not leveling off, as Mr. Macmillan and Lord Hailsham proclaimed last month, but worsening. If the Colne result is generalized, the Conservatives are sure to be out of office after the next national election, which must be held no later than May 1964.

The meaning of a Tory defeat for British policy is being explained more plainly, week by week, by



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

IN THE NEXT ISSUE

SCHOOL PRAYERS AND RELIGIOUS WARFARE
by Walter Berns

WILLMOORE KENDALL'S THE CONSERVATIVE AFFIRMATION
Reviewed by Wm. F. Buckley Jr.

Harold Wilson, the new Labor Party leader, who would be Prime Minister in a Labor government. Mr. Wilson has promised to take Britain out of the nuclear club, and to drive the government deeper into the economy and the school system. In a Trafalgar Square speech March 17, he stirred the enthusiasm, in spite of a heavy rain, of the usual left-wing crowd that had, for the occasion, exchanged their "Ban the Bomb" for "Anti-Apartheid" badges and placards. After pledging support to the absolutist anti-discrimination bill introduced by the Left's Ancient Mariner, Fenner Brockway, Mr. Wilson vowed that as soon as Labor gets to power it will stop all arms sales to South Africa and Portugal, and put pressure on all other countries to do the same. The crowd, by its cheers, signified its understanding that arms for Holden Roberto and the bands of terrorists now actively training for operations against Angola, Mozambique, the Rhodesias and South Africa, would not be affected by the Wilson embargo.

Beats of the Heart of Darkness

Out of the silence that has shrouded the Congo since the UN smashed Katanga, three items of confirmed news have pulsed in during the last fortnight.

1) The UN, which for two months had flatly and repeatedly denied the reports of trouble and fighting in South Kasai province, issued an official announcement that "active rebellion in South Kasai" was now over. UN and Central Government (Adoula) troops had completed another Smash, this time of Kasai and the majority of its inhabitants, who are supporters of Albert Kalonji. According to the London *Times*, more than 5,000 persons were killed, an unknown number tortured and mutilated, and scores of villages destroyed. The UN spokesmen thus once more defended their title to the World's Public Liars Championship.

2) Premier Cyrille Adoula celebrated the second anniversary of the ferocious Angolan revolt by addressing a large crowd of Angolan exiles and Congolese in Léopoldville. He a) denounced Portugal for allegedly providing bases for Katangese gendarmes hoping to regain power in Katanga, and b) proclaimed his full sympathy and support for the Angolan exiles now preparing in Congolese territory for a revival of the war against Portugal in Angola. Two thousand Angolans, at the camps of Thysville and Kinkuyu near the Angolan border, are actively training for sabotage, arson and guerrilla warfare, under the political leadership of the Angolan National Liberation Front (Holden Roberto) and the Popular Movement for the Liberation of Angola.

3) Moise Tshombe is back in Katanga and making the rounds of the provincial towns, where he is being enthusiastically welcomed. Pointing out that the UN-Adoula Constitution drafted by outside experts has never been adopted by the Léopoldville parliament, Tshombe has submitted the draft of a new federal constitution. It is agreed by all observers that the UN-Adoula Constitution, if put to a fair vote of the full parliament, would be rejected. It is just for that reason that Adoula and the UN have prevented parliament from voting on it—or even meeting for the past two months. World Democracy works in mysterious ways its wonders to perform.

Muddy Waters

In 1960 the voters of California were asked by referendum to approve the issuance of a $1.75 billion self-liquidating bond issue to finance the Feather River project. This is a huge plan to bring water from the northern part of the state to the water-starved south. Northern Californians rejected the scheme but populous southern California won the day by a narrow victory. At that, the exiguous plurality was got only by a barrage of technical misinformation ground out by the Brown administration. The voters were told that the referendum authorized a specific, technically feasible and financially sound water project.

Consulting engineer Adolph Ackerman has exposed the fraudulence of these claims. In fact, the Feather River project will cost far more than the amount of the bond issue. Water distributed in the south from the aqueduct will be too costly for farmers. And only a statewide tax will bail out the state-spanning money-loser.

The dispute went to court. There it became evident that the administration had known all along that the project would cost more than the allotted sum, but had nevertheless already begun to spend the money authorized by the referendum on various elements of the gigantic California Water Plan—which Mr. Ackerman reckons will cost more than $12 billion.

The heroic Mr. Ackerman went on to point out that the California legislature has lost all control over the biggest water development in the nation's

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

history. Bureaucrats have taken over all aspects of the planning, rushing ahead with dams in expectation of massive infusions of federal funds.

What happened in California is symptomatic of a problem of our society. The questions involved were technical and complex, so voters assumed that "they" (the bureaucrats) were in a position to know the facts. When dissenting reports were filed by topnotch consultants like Mr. Ackerman, mystified voters resolved their confusion in the natural way: they left it to the state's executive; and the state's executive will in due course take the matter up with the Chief Executive, because that's where the money is, and that's where the power is, which we keep on building up faster by far than it takes to send a gallon of water from north to south California.

On the Other Hand . . .

If you can imagine, Senators Church and Goldwater have teamed up behind a single legislative proposal. Senator Frank Church will be remembered as the excruciatingly awful keynoter at the Democratic Convention in 1960, to whose speech everyone had been looking forward with some interest because at age seventeen he had won the national American Legion Oratory Contest. ("Thank God we didn't have to listen to the runner-up," Morrie Ryskind commented.) Where were we? Messrs. Church and Goldwater wish to permit the deduction from taxable income of up to one hundred dollars annually donated to political parties.

The argument from definition (con): Here is yet one more patch in the crazy quiltwork of our tax statutes, another step away from what is most desirable, namely the radical overhaul of the tax structure aimed at simple, even-handed, non-progressive, no-exemption laws.

The argument from circumstance (pro): The high cost of political election campaigns, the result, especially, of the advent of television, threatens to put politics beyond the reach of any but very rich men, or men beholden to very rich vested interests, very notably including the labor unions. These may invest money got from dues (which are tax exempt to labor union members as professional costs) in political candidates who, on reaching Congress, will take care to return to their benefactors a *quid pro quo*. Although corporations are forbidden from making political contributions, big businessmen are not. The result, in any case, is the diminution of independent legislators, and the neglect of what Senator Goldwater once described as the Forgotten Man.

Conservatives will therefore differ on the bill, according as they weigh more strongly the abstract or the empirical argument. Perhaps another solution

For the Record

Peruvian officials beat out Communist agents in race to scene of aircrash on Peruvian-Bolivian border. Two Cuban Communist agents were killed in crash, important secret party instructions to underground elements secured. Lima sources say information was even more valuable than material picked up in a crash in Brazil last fall in which several Cuban couriers were killed. . . . Tieup between Venezuelan guerrillas and Cuba pointed up when Radio Havana reported an attack against Las Piedras oil refineries in Venezuela several hours before the raid itself. . . . Significant quote by Brazilian Foreign Minister Dantas (who last week negotiated $400 million loan from U.S.): "The lack of development of our nation is not the result of history or of incapacity but has been determined in great part by the exploitive process. Foreign aid should be considered as a means of indemnity for damages caused."

Americans for Democratic Action taking dim view of Clay report on foreign aid: "Its negative, mean-spirited conclusions," says ADA, "will be interpreted . . . as a retreat from the far-sighted policies that the U.S. has pursued for nearly twenty years." . . . Lyndon Johnson hinting that he may not run again for Vice President, no surprise to his friends who have been aware of his growing disillusionment with White House clique. . . . Important side result of long-fought Minnesota gubernatorial contest which Democrat Rolvaag won. Minnesota delegation to GOP Convention in '64 is now wide open; Anderson, the losing candidate, was a Rockefeller man. . . . To be honored at gala dinner (Plaza Hotel, NYC, May 2) former N.J. Gov. Charles Edison and conservative-par-excellence. Herbert Hoover is Honorary Chairman, Admiral Ben Moreell, Chairman. Congressman Bruce Alger, the featured speaker. (For information, write: Charles Edison Dinner Committee, Room 905, 79 Madison Avenue, N.Y.)

Carried away: the organist at San José Cathedral in Costa Rica, who, sighting JFK among the congregation at Mass, swung into medley of American songs including Yankee Doodle.
(Response: Et eum nominavit macaronum.)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

would join the advantages of the two. Isn't it reasonable to give to the government the right to take an annual fee from radio and television stations—whose oligopolistic positions are protected by the government—payable in time turned over (x number of hours every election year) to candidates from the two major parties, free of charge?

Canada's Acheson

Canadians elect a new Dominion Government next week, and their choice is still in doubt. When John Diefenbaker's government fell and his top cabinet members resigned, Lester Pearson was widely assumed to be an easy winner. It hasn't worked out that way, partly because the Prime Minister has shown his old magic in a whistle-stop campaign, but also because of the strength of Social Credit in the Liberals' old bailiwick, Quebec.

The most significant development in the campaign has been the rising stature of Lester Pearson. He has eschewed the vote-buying so characteristic of politicians, frankly conceding that Canada cannot afford more welfare handouts until the economy is stabilized. (The far-left New Democratic Party screamed, Betrayal!)

Pearson has gradually moved away from his former equivocal position on nuclear weapons for Canada, now arguing forcibly for their acceptance. He blasted the NDP for "giving comfort to the Communists" by its adamant stand against nuclear weapons. (The Canadian Communist Party, calling on its members to support the NDP, retorted: "For a Communist, there is only one issue in this election. Canada must not accept nuclear arms.")

And all this from a man whose name up until recently was synonymous with appeasement.

Mr. Pearson's progress can only be compared to Dean Acheson's.

Lord Beveridge, RIP

Lord Beveridge, of whom it might be said that he invented the welfare state, ceased, last week, by his own definition, to be a ward of the state. It was Lord Beveridge's famous report, published in 1942, that committed England to a course of security "from the cradle to the grave," and of course the great irony, which the octogenarian Beveridge surely contemplated in his last years, is that there is probably less of a sense of security in the welfarized England of the 1960s than in the England of Beveridge's youth, three-quarters of a century ago. England is afraid of unemployment, atom bombs, France, the West Indies, McCarthyism, and any number of hobgoblins which it was not within the power of the Beveridge Report to dissipate. And England fears most, of course, her evanescent greatness, and seems scarcely grateful to Lord Beveridge for his efforts to provide the glory of England with a cozy old folks' home to die in.

Notes and Asides

America Magazine, the weekly organ of a Jesuit father who loveth not NATIONAL REVIEW, which he has not only given up for Lent, but for the rest of the year as well, publishes in its current issue a feature called "America Book Log." *America,* some of our readers may recall, refused, a year or so ago, to continue to take advertising from NATIONAL REVIEW, citing our scandalous manners. Well, the America Book Log is a form of free advertising, for books the editors feel especially favorably inclined towards, presumably because, among other things, they are, unlike us, un-scandalous. Under the legend, "These outstanding titles merit place in any listing of what Catholics are or should be reading," is included *The Fire Next Time,* by James Baldwin, with the description: "Two brilliant essays giving a Negro view of American society and of Christianity. Frank and perhaps disconcerting, it cannot be read with indifference—and it should be read." Mr. Baldwin, a bitter atheist, laughs away Christianity as the sect of a "disreputable, sun-baked fanatic." He means Jesus, after whom the Jesuits are named, some of whom may find *America*'s endorsement of Baldwin's book perhaps disconcerting. . . . By the way, in NATIONAL REVIEW two issues hence Garry Wills will examine the Baldwin book at considerable length. We shall forward a copy, wrapped in plain brown paper, to any reader of *America* desiring a Christian analysis of Mr. Baldwin's perhaps disconcerting ideas.

Recently the Board of Education of New York voted to include NATIONAL REVIEW in its "approved high school library list." The Board seized the occasion to reinstate the *Nation,* which had been dropped fifteen years ago after publishing a series of extensive anti-Catholic essays by Paul Blanshard . . . NATIONAL REVIEW, should you care to have the figures, sends out to the newsstands about thirty thousand copies per issue, and sells about twelve thousand of them. In looking over last year's figures we noticed two pronounced peaks, when we sold several thousand more than the usual figure. Tracking down the causes we found that on both occasions we had in this space reminded our readers that we are on the stands, and asked them kindly to bring that fact to the attention of their friends. *Merci, messieurs et mesdames, de la part des employés.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

On the Right

The Violation of Arthur

WM. F. BUCKLEY JR.

Just after Mr. Kennedy's inauguration, I met with Professor Arthur Schlesinger Jr., historian and dogmatic theologian for Americans for Democratic Action, in public debate in Boston on the subject of the welfare state. It was on that occasion that Mr. Schlesinger, countering some point or other I had made, announced that the "best defense against Communism is the welfare state." Now everybody expects that professors will say foolish things from time to time, but Professor Schlesinger had just then taken leave of Harvard to accept a position as special assistant to the fledgling President of the United States, so that a great deal of publicity was given to that remarkable statement. And those who felt a decent interval would surely be allowed to elapse before an egghead academician would presume to press such homeopathic nonsense about how to deal with Communism on practical men of exalted station, must have sobered on witnessing the Professor's grand entry into the lecture hall, twenty minutes late, escorted by screeching police cars—it obviously hadn't taken long for Mr. Schlesinger to acquire princely habits.

And along with them, it is my sad duty to report, he seems to have lost —an occupational risk for humble folk who suddenly find themselves supping with the great—whatever sense of humor he once possessed. It is reported, by a close observer, that during his fifteen years at Harvard that humor actually surfaced thrice. Alas, it is, I gather, down now, for the very last time; and I for one am very sorry to see it go.

Schlesinger had been accustomed to such fawning audiences as he regularly came upon at Harvard and elsewhere in the academic world, where they preach academic freedom and practice Liberal indoctrination; and was quite visibly disconcerted on discovering from the audience's reaction that one half of those present were quite adamantly opposed to his views and those of the New Frontiersmen. Under the circumstances, he thought to curry the opposition's favor by handing me, as their spokesman of the evening, a most redolent bouquet. Quoth Arthur: "Mr. Buckley has a facility for rhetoric which I envy, as well as a wit which I seek clumsily and vainly to emulate." The crowd (or my half of it) purred with pleasure. As an old debater, I knew exactly what he was up to, and determined, when my turn came to rebut, to say something equally oleaginous about Arthur. But I had only fifteen minutes, before getting up to speak, during which to compose a compliment, and I guess my imagination failed me. . . . I forget.

And indeed I forgot about the whole incident until a couple of months ago when I received a letter from a lady in Boston who had been there that night. She cited Mr. Schlesinger's creampuff to illustrate his exemplary "fairness to the opposite political camp." It happened that at just that moment I was supposed to furnish my publishers with some quotations for the jacket of my new book, *Rumbles Left and Right*. I thought it would be mad fun to include the words of Arthur Schlesinger—you know, sort of the literary oxymoron of the year.

Well, sir, you'd have thought this was the biggest swindle since the Donation of Constantine. A few weeks ago, while minding my own business, I received a frantic telegram from my publisher announcing that Arthur Schlesinger, having seen the blurb in an advertisement for my book in NATIONAL REVIEW, demanded to know where and when he had said any such thing about me. I wired back: *My office has copy of original tape. Tell Arthur that'll teach him to use unction in political debate but not to take it so hard: no one believes anything he says anyway.* Needless to say, I sent a copy of the telegram to Mr. Schlesinger, with the postscript: "Dear Arthur: I am at work on a new book which, however, will not be completed until the spring of 1964, giving you plenty of time to compose a new puff for it. Regards." And then, on the upper lefthand corner of the letter, properly addressed to Mr. Schlesinger at his august quarters (The White House), I wrote, "Wm. 'Envy His Rhetoric!' Buckley," with my return address.

That, apparently, did it. Before even Arthur could say "I-believe-in-Free-Speech," the firm of Messrs. Greenbaum, Wolff and Ernst let it be known to my publisher and to NATIONAL REVIEW that they would demand an apology—or Schlesinger would sue. Now there is a very good case to be made for everyone apologizing who has ever quoted Arthur Schlesinger; but isn't it droll to be asked to apologize *to* Schlesinger for quoting *from* Schlesinger? Messrs. G. W. & E. have solemnly announced that I have "invaded Mr. Schlesinger's privacy." (Someday I may be prompted to write about Mr. Schlesinger's complex views on privacy, with which I am acquainted at first hand.) A most interesting complaint, considering that Mr. Schlesinger's words had been uttered before an audience of 1,500 or so, before television and radio and before members of the press and the wire services. For someone who wants what he says to be kept private, and as I say, all the world should cooperate in securing Mr. Schlesinger's privacy, that's a strange way to go about it, wouldn't you say?

Though I dunno, lots of things about Schlesinger seem strange, and I intend to have a very interesting time with Messrs. Greenbaum, Wolff and Ernst going into some of them. Ernst, by the way, is the great Morris Ernst, the free-speech specialist who so strongly believes in free speech that now his firm threatens an injunction to keep my *Rumbles* from being published, and NATIONAL REVIEW from being distributed, unless I apologize to Schlesinger for exercising my right of free speech by quoting Schlesinger.

Ah well, it is a mad world. But I shall certainly put in for next year's Freedom Award. On the grounds that the more time Schlesinger devotes to me, the less time he has left over to devote to public affairs. Who else has clearer title to public benefactor?

You may quote me, if you like. I promise not to sue.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

From Washington Straight

CATO

The hot topic on the Hill this week was foreign aid as two controversial reports were issued. The Clay Report is the one that has received all the publicity in the press. It is extremely critical of many aspects of foreign aid, but suggests only minor cuts in allotments. Republicans are inclined to dismiss the report as little more than an "admission against interest" to show that New Frontiersmen know a rat hole when they see one. Capitol insiders are more interested in the other report—a document sent up to the White House from the Senate Appropriations Committee signed by Wyoming's Liberal Senator McGee.

Cato

The McGee Report lambastes foreign aid, calls for a cut in funds, and a general reshuffling of remaining commitments. That sort of program might sound tantalizing to conservatives, but McGee's group has a surprising way of achieving those ends: he suggests cutting military aid to Nationalist China and South Korea and substantially hiking the dole to Indonesia.

Wherein this fascination with Indonesia? It's long been known that Sukarno has a powerful unpaid lobby with the U.S. Government—the State Department personnel in Indonesia. Their comrades in Washington have joined in vigorous promotion of Bung Karno, and they appear to have convinced some senators who should know better.

Those who do know better see Sukarno's dictatorship as a willing agent of Communism. They point to his imperialistic designs, of which West New Guinea and North Borneo are but the initial stages. Many members of Congress are familiar with the tale told by some Filipino athletes who participated in last year's Asian Games at Jakarta. When they paid a courtesy call on Sukarno they were astonished to see a large map on his office wall that showed *all* New Guinea (including the Australian half), the Philippines, Malaysia, Thailand, Laos, Cambodia and Vietnam as Indonesian territory.

Official Washington is also worried about Brazil. When a House subcommittee released testimony showing that the Brazilian Government was infiltrated by Communists, Brazil reacted with fury, even suggesting that it might break off negotiations for American aid. This threat proved to be only that and Brazil will have to assuage her injured feelings with $400 million in aid.

The criticism was on target, aid or no aid. State Department sources in Brazil believe that six members of President Goulart's cabinet are under Communist discipline. A State Department official, recently returned from Brazil, confirms this, and adds, "Brazil is in the first stages of a Communist take-over."

The TFX controversy continues to sizzle. No one is sure where the struggle will end, but all concede that Secretary McNamara's reputation is badly damaged. A blow-up of these dimensions was bound to come, because congressmen and Pentagon brass were united in resentment of the Secretary's arrogance. It is no secret that the military wants him out, and is funneling information harmful to him to his foes on Capitol Hill.

Chalk up a victory for opponents of a nuclear test ban treaty with Russia. The fight was led in the House by the Republican Conference Committee under Craig Hosmer (R., Cal.) and in the Senate by Thomas Dodd. Senator Symington, who opposes a treaty, recently stated that he doubted that the required two-thirds majority of his colleagues could be mustered to ratify *any* test ban treaty. A leading Senate Liberal reportedly took a poll of the Senate and was chagrined to find that the Administration would be at least ten votes short of ratification. Even with this hostility, it's expected the Administration will continue to water down our demands at Geneva in an effort to reach agreement with the Soviet Union.

Rep. Daniel Flood (D., Pa.) blames the State Department for the failure of a bill creating a House Committee on Captive Nations to clear the Rules Committee in 1961. He quotes from a letter sent by Dean Rusk to Chairman Howard Smith (D., Va.) opposing creation of the committee because 1) it might annoy the Russians and prevent an agreement on Berlin, and 2) it would be an embarrassment to the U.S. to seem to advocate dismemberment of an historical nation. State has recently stepped up its efforts to block the committee, alleging that a specialized committee dealing with a limited sector of American foreign policy without reference to the broad spectrum of American-Soviet differences might be inimical to our national interests. Rep. Flood believes the real reason State opposes creation of the committee is that it doesn't want any interference from the legislative branch on crucial questions of foreign policy. He asks, "Do I hear the State Department tell us, 'Hands off the captive nations,' and are we going to take its dictates lying down?" Congressman Flood's irritation with the State Department parallels the irritation of many another legislator against ever increasing power grabs by the executive agencies.

It is questionnaire time again. Here is a rundown on the results being obtained by a number of Republican congressmen from their constituents:

1. Medicare gets a two-to-one rejection when financed through Social Security.
2. Federal aid to education is rejected in all forms: teachers' salaries, student loans, and aid for school construction.
3. Mass transit aid is opposed by three-quarters of those replying.
4. The Domestic Peace Corps is also opposed by a three-to-one margin.
5. Finally, by the staggering ratio of eight-to-one, the voters reject a tax cut not tied to reductions in federal spending.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Goodbye to Summer

In Sweden, says the author, it's the enlightened life, the rational life, the fully employed, the rich and civilized life—but still, it's hateful

DESMOND FENNELL

Sixty or seventy years ago the King and the Lutheran Faith represented the sum of human values for the vast majority of Swedes. But neither the King nor the faith—nor the State Church which taught it—seemed to have much relevance to the new Sweden; so they have been abandoned as values, but retained as useful relics—the King as a master of public ceremony, the Church as a dispenser of socially useful private ceremonies and as a bureaucratic device for keeping the live register of population.

Though a small country, Sweden has acquired the material appanages of the great nations—a world-wide market for her industry, a world-wide airline, deluxe railways, a television network, an important film industry, big operatic and ballet ensembles, well-equipped armed forces, an underground railway more modern than Moscow's in the capital. Industrial productivity has nearly quadrupled since 1900. Since 1913 real wages have trebled. There is a car for every six people—only America can beat that. The consumption of coffee has increased 30 per cent in the last five years. Though the Swedish television license is unusually dear, the first million licenses were acquired much faster in Sweden than in any other country and no less than ten years sooner than had been estimated. Swedes even have a double-leaf lavatory-paper for luxury lavatories. The outer leaf is coarse, enabling the fingers to get a grip; the inner leaf is of fine tissue for contact with the softer skin. Swedes consider themselves (with justice) to have outclassed Europe; their statistics and economic writings normally compare Swedish conditions with those of America. But America has not eliminated unemployment; Sweden has.

At the same time, all has been done which money and laws can do to implement some old European and Christian ideals. There are now luxurious homes for old people, homes for alcoholics, unmarried mothers and the mentally ill, fine hospitals and resplendent day nurseries. Sweden has given economic and legal expression to the dignity of her womenfolk. The wages of women in industry have more than trebled since 1900 and women are now, for the most part, economically independent of men or able to become so at short notice. This is a far cry from a hundred years ago, when women living in cities were so dependent and unprotected that—for example—of the babies born in Stockholm around 1850, 45 per cent were illegitimate, against a present-day rate of 12 per cent.

The Burden of Riches

Here, then, is a society which has eliminated poverty, the great defeater of human dreams. Two short visits had made me curious, so I went back for ten months, learned the language and spent all my time watching Swedish life and getting to know Swedish people.

"The floor-tiles of the Big House are slippery," says an Irish proverb. And Horace preferred his little farm in the Sabine hills to "most burdensome riches." What is life like, I wanted to know, when everyone is rich? Sweden is the most complete example we possess. I was quite clear in my mind that Swedish life would not be the way that people *must* live when all are rich, but it would show me one way they *could* live.

Did people love each other more when poverty had ceased to cause contention and bitterness in society and in the family? When everyone was assured of life's necessities from the cradle to the grave, were families more united? Did society pursue other, less grubby, goals? And if not, why not? Was important new truth being discovered—new meaning for life? Was beauty of a kind never seen before being created? Did economic and legal buttresses to woman's dignity help women to become happier, fuller persons? When money considerations had almost ceased to influence the choice of a marriage partner, did love between man and woman become a finer, stronger, more tender thing, something closer to the ideal—not the botched job it had so often been in the past? In short, were the great dreams and hopes which animated European society and drove it forward during 1,500 years of poverty brought any nearer to their fulfillment, now that riches had come?

The first impression, if you arrive from Denmark or Northern Germany, is a tightening of the strings which control life, a large-scale disappearance of permissiveness, imagination and common hilarity. You are forbidden to smoke in trams or buses or when you go to a telephone call-office or when you enter a large shop. In restaurants waiters give you directions about what you may drink or not drink, what you must eat if you drink this or that. Restaurants have a strange silence, as of a church full of people awaiting the priest's appearance. There are many small tables and at most of them sits a single Swede. To buy liquor you must go to special State shops, massive and unadorned; people queue at the counter; a notice warns them they may be asked to produce proof of identity; you are made to feel that these shops are houses of shame. The big windows display various items from typewriters to tyres, disguising the truth within; the assistant will look at you, horrified, if you

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

make to leave the shop with an unwrapped bottle.

Just as in Spain or Ireland people worry about their souls' salvation, so that you have many small shops selling statues, holy pictures and prayer-books, so in Sweden people worry about their sex life. Many small shops sell nothing else but contraceptives and handbooks on sex problems and practice. White-coated women stand ready to offer you advice. Slot-machines on the streets provide contraceptives; it's easier to find a contraceptive than a postage stamp (you will notice, probably on your first day, that news-agents and tobacconists charge extra—make a profit—when they sell you a stamp).

"*Irrational Taboos*"

Although Sweden prides itself on being a rationalist society, Swedish life is full of irrationalities. Government is controlled by the "workers' party," but the fact that a man works does not legitimize him as a person. He is much better legitimized by being clean-shaven, by not drinking or by wearing a tie; only 2 per cent of workers' children get higher education. "Irrational taboos" are officially frowned upon, but there are more now than ever before: you may not drink a toast to your hostess, or whistle a tune in the street.

Religion and shame are things you must feel ashamed of. Swedes repeat frequently that they possess freedom of speech, but they talk less than they ever did before and there is no satire of the sanctimonious Establishment of Liberal rationalists, puritanical libertines and respectable money-makers. They assert continuously that there is freedom of thought, but no new thoughts have emerged in years and both philosophy and radical debate have died. The only people who disagree radically with the reigning orthodoxy—Communists and Catholics, for their different reasons—are regarded officially as bad Swedes. Babies are scarce and the industries have to send as far as Greece to get workers, yet public policy promotes the limitation of families. Women are said to be emancipated and to enjoy high status, but a woman is regarded as a full person only when she has lain with a man and when she practices (or at least has learnt to practice) a trade or profession that commands a money wage.

Fifty years ago—and even more loudly, thirty years ago—the Liberal rationalists set out to free Swedes from the shadow of death (which was Christianity) and to open a new, positive era of human development. But the annual converts to Catholicism are mostly intellectuals and artists, and the poets are writing poetry which is increasingly elegiac. They hint that the society they live in is going nowhere.

Dr. Martens, a Stockholm psychiatrist, once told me that the Swedish myth of summer causes much frustration and depression. "Many people live only for summer, they plan all the year what they will do then," he said. Summer is to bring them perfect happiness—which often includes blissful love; when summer comes and goes and happiness has eluded them, they feel bitter and cheated—they regard themselves as failures since they believe that they alone have missed what everyone else has found.

This myth has been created by modern Swedish city-dwellers. At least three Swedish films in the last fifteen years have drawn on it and strengthened it. The three have an identical theme—young love in a summer landscape ending in autumn tragedy. In two of the films the tragedy is violent death; in the third, the squalid death of love in a hellish marriage. In *Summer Interlude* and *Summer with Monika* the summer landscape is in the Stockholm archipelago, where tens of thousands of Stockholmers—especially the young and dreaming—seek every summer the Isles of the Blest. In *Summer with Monika* and *One Summer of Happiness* the moment of complete surrender to love and to nature is identical and is given a quasi-ritual force by the complete nakedness of the boy and girl and the bathe which precedes their love-union.

For the purpose of the myth, the year is simplified into two seasons—an immensely long winter and an agonizingly short summer. It is a Swedish myth, not a myth of a cold climate, for neither the Finns nor the Russians have it. It is a myth made by modern Swedish city-people who find social life hateful and hostile, but who have to live close to each other in large numbers. The juxtaposition of Winter and Summer is the juxtaposition of Society and Aloneness—or rather, Aloneness with Dialogue, which is the pleasurable Aloneness, where a person is fully himself.

Summer and Nature are not desired for what they are, but because they allow the Person to do two things which many Swedes today find difficult or impossible in the society of people—*to get outside themselves* into something bigger and more general and *to communicate themselves.* When alone with Nature (as they often are in the holiday season, on remote islands or near quiet lakes), they can give themselves to something bigger and they can speak out their souls without fear or inhibition, without people to catch them in a phrase or to reprove their sentiments for being irrational. This freedom is also present between lovers, so that, in the summer myth, supreme happiness includes both forms of communion.

Summer Worship

The summer cult is the nearest thing to a religion which post-Christian Sweden has produced. It contains a sort of mystic Trinity, with the sun and the sexual union as aspects of Nature, Nature being present in both of them and they in Nature, yet Nature greater than both. It is significant that the sun and love (meaning loving sexual union) are the focal points of the summer cult. The oldest gods which were adored in Sweden were Ull, a sun-god, and Njord, a goddess of fertility, and the cult of these gods included a ritual act of sexual intercourse. In the present-day summer cult the erotic principle (Njord) is sublimated through association with a purifying spiritual principle (Ull) and becomes a parody of *agape* or spiritual love fulfilled carnally. It is a religion for puritans who produce their wealth mechanically and regard female fertility as a curse.

A special consequence of the thesis or the assumption, "There is no world but this," is the importance which death acquires. If there is no life after this, then, obviously, the most important event in life is death.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

That is one reason why the Swedes are fascinated by it. But another and complementary reason is that life in their present circumstances, and in the interpretation which they have been induced to accept as right, seems hateful to them. It is the democratic life, it is the enlightened life, it is the rational life, it is the fully employed, wealthy and civilized life; but it is still hateful. So the fascination of death as the biggest event is met by a longing for death as a release from the pain of living.

The most beautiful modern work of art I saw in Sweden was the Forest Cemetery at Stockholm. When I had discovered this fascination with death I looked at Swedish faces with new understanding. I knew the source of the sad and delicate lyricism of the glass, the poetry and the ceramics. I remembered the faces in the Pompeian paintings which I had seen in the National Museum at Naples and I understood their affinity with the faces of modern Sweden. Both show the same dim, hopeless premonition, both seem to encase human organisms without being human persons. I recalled the drinking cups with skull-and-crossbones and "Remember Death" inscribed on them, which were found in the volcanic ashes after having been passed around at banquets; and those paintings of men and women on low beds, posturing tensely, with rapt faces, in the acrobatics of carnal zeal. Everything had its place and its consistency. Frenzy which leads to a simulation of dying seems to be a necessity in modern Sweden.

When death instead of life holds and fascinates the living, then will, the active fashioner of life, gives way to cupidity, the involuntary response to external stimuli. Both result in much activity, in the appearance of being busy, but for the death-haunted it is the fact of being busy which is the important thing. You notice this in Sweden—work is the other anesthetic.

In many states in Europe during the Christian centuries the nakedly political nature of state power was modified again and again, even in foreign policy, by considerations of Christian idealism or by idealism of the liberal sort. Since the modern Swedish state was formed and given a strong basis at the time of the Reformation there has been no evidence of such confusion of aims in Swedish foreign policy. On the contrary, the national aims of Sweden have been pursued with a clearsightedness, ruthlessness and sheer political sagacity, which are without parallel in Europe. When changes in the power situation made it clear that the aggressive war policy of Swedish kings could not lead to the establishment of a durable empire, Sweden abandoned war and initiated a policy of neutrality which has been pursued relentlessly for the past 150 years, never succumbing to temptations of Scandinavian loyalty, of supra-national idealism or of talk about "the cause of freedom."

As things turned out, this policy proved to be a surer way to the ultimate goal; for when money replaced armed force as the main instrument of power in the West, the Swedes seized their chance of becoming the richest people in the world. By pursuing non-involvement strictly, by restraining population and by producing great quantities of wealth, they came out on top in the end.

Taking advantage of her central position in Scandinavia, Sweden let her neighbors suffer the blows of German and Russian expansionism. Though repeatedly asked to assist them, she never did; Sweden has never been interested in Scandinavianism except on condition that she would be dominant.

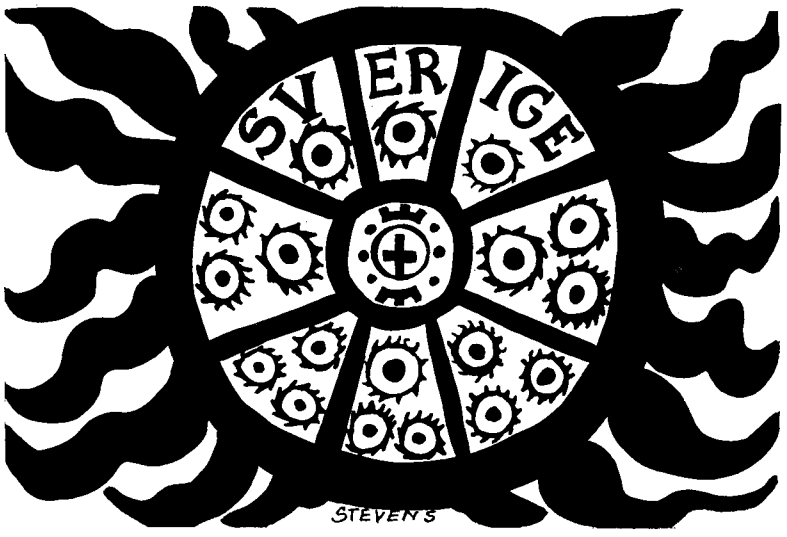
Realpolitik

Sweden's relations with Germany illustrate her bloodless *Realpolitik*. When Prussian Germany was expanding aggressively in the late nineteenth century, Sweden made promises to Denmark and expressed loud support for France. But when Prussia and Austria attacked Denmark, Sweden did not help; and when France had been defeated the Swedish King visited Germany and expressed his support for the new Reich; and the Foreign Minister told Swedes they should regard Germany as their "best friend." They did so zealously until the First World War. When Germany attacked Norway during the Second World War, Sweden declared her neutrality; when the Germans had defeated and occupied Norway, Sweden began to grant them all manner of transit concessions. This policy continued throughout the war and Sweden continued to feed the German armaments industry with her iron ore.

But Germany lost the war; and today you can still see the signs of it if you read the Swedish press for a week, read the statements and essays of the Swedish public philosophers, listen to the Swedish radio or watch Swedish television. Everywhere there is hysterical Germanophobia, and it is directed mainly against democratic West Germany. Indeed, there is next to no difference between the line taken by the Swedish press towards West Germany and that

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

taken by East German propaganda or Communist propaganda in general. There is nothing like it to be found in Norway or Denmark, though they actually fought against the Germans (perhaps one should say rather "*because* they fought against them"). This massive Swedish bellicosity *post bellum*—it has lasted sixteen years—is in fact a massive attempt of Swedes to dissociate themselves from the loser, to put themselves retrospectively in the right, which, in *Realpolitik,* means on the side of the victors.



The public anti-Germanism is a political act, all the more hysterical because it goes against the grain of Swedish history and has many elements of father-hatred. Until the First World War, Sweden had been in many ways a German cultural province. The country had been part of the Hamburg diocese until 1103. When the national state was firmly established in the sixteenth century, Sweden supplied a king, a people and a system of law, Germany the national religion, the bureaucratic technique and the leading bureaucrats who gave the state cohesion. The Swedish literary language modeled itself on German and, during the past 400 years, Swedish literature has often taken inspiration from German literary movements. When the Swedes were church-going, most of the hymns they sang were German and so were most of the books their priests studied. Swedish Liberal intellectuals drew inspiration from Germany and Social Democracy came from there. Until the end of the last war, German was the main foreign language taught in the schools. Yet in an official *Introduction to Sweden* published in English by the Swedish Institute a few years ago, where the cultural history of Sweden is given in forty pages, various foreign influences on Swedish culture are referred to, but Germany is not mentioned once—an achievement in the suave rewriting of history which any Communist regime might envy.

If there is a war and the Soviet Union requests the same sort of transit rights which the Germans got in the last war—this time in order to attack the NATO bases in Norway—there is little doubt that Sweden will grant these concessions; and if the Soviet Union wins the war and some sort of a world survives it, a people's democracy will have been declared in Stockholm while the radioactive dust is still settling.

Swedes are seldom violent (physically) except when drunk. They have excluded beatings from their schools and from most homes, they abhor war and medieval torture and torture in Algeria and everywhere; their film censorship ruthlessly cuts violence out of films from abroad. They hate and fear violence, because they live so near to it in their everyday lives.

Violence and Compromise

Gradually, those same *political* principles which made Swedish foreign policy so successful have extended their sway through ordinary Swedish life, displacing charity and most other ethical principles, so that they ultimately come to condition everyday human relations. Self-assertiveness bordering closely on violence has come to be accepted as the salient characteristic of man and force as the normally implied determinant between persons and between groups. The Swedes had no secular ethical substitutes for charity such as the English found in good sportsmanship and gentlemanliness. To a certain extent money and the high standard of living have provided a social cushion. But when money alone cannot prevent violence, compromise is called on.

The constant and acute threat of violence has produced an extraordinary development of compromise in Swedish life. Like most people, the Swedes are bad losers. So when two strong forces meet each other, negotiations and compromise prevent physical violence and avoid the necessity of one party ultimately having to admit failure.

"All men are equal and women are equal to men" are dogmas of the Swedish public philosophy. In politics or in wage disputes, equal forces can negotiate, but in the momentary, unforeseen encounters of men and women in everyday life, though the forces are by definition equal, negotiation is out of the question. When it is a matter of seconds, only the trained reflexes of the heart can count. And if there is no such training, prophylactic measures must be taken if violence is to be avoided.

In Sweden you are told that a restaurant is full if one man is sitting at each table. That is prophylaxis by physical separation; it explains why Swedish restaurants so often have many small tables. When you go into a shop—even if it is just the grocery shop around the corner—you will often find near the door a roll of numbered tickets. You are expected to take one of these so as to determine by clear arithmetical sequence your turn for being served. When each person takes a number the possibility of violence is almost done away with. This is prophylaxis by regulatory device or, simply, regulationism. The success of such a device presupposes a great docility to the random tyranny of casual taboos. But modern Swedes, who refuse docility to God, priest, prince or fellowman and pour scorn on the "irrational taboos" of Christian morality, show a remarkable docility to this random sort of taboo, which human beings unknown to them have devised and set above them. The peo-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ple know that violence is *what may not occur*, whatever else occurs.

You find printed regulations everywhere. The great virtue of regulations is that they provide "packaged compromises" to deal with momentary situations where negotiation is not feasible and a direct test of strength is out of the question. But the system is open to abuse and regulations are in fact abused. They are put up in many cases where the prevention of violence is not at stake.

Then there are the human regulators, the police. Quite ordinary humans, they like ordering people about and Swedish society gives them every latitude. Two boys and two girls pushing each other playfully on a footpath in central Stockholm on a Saturday night can be shouted at out from a passing police-car: "If you don't watch out, you'll be getting in behind here!" Couples saying goodbye at night between the entrance to an underground station and the turnstile will be asked by police to move on. So will a group of friends who stand where two streets intersect and temporarily block three feet of a pedestrian crossing. And always you will see the same docility, unless the people happen to be drunk; for the policeman, while not respected as a regulation is (with its aura of taboo), is known to have force behind him and is feared.

Drink

Before now, societies and social classes which lacked an ethical antidote to man's instinctive violence have used duelling or Homeric combat as a solution. The modern Swedish measures against violence have the advantage of sparing life and limb; but they have the disadvantage of leaving rancor untouched (something which duelling usually got rid of). It bodes ill for a society when too much rancor lies suppressed beneath the surface. Swedes get rid of some of it when drunk and the vast majority of Swedish men do get drunk, many of them regularly. When drunk, their speech consists for the most part of mutterings about devils and hell and these mutterings convey rancor and hatred very effectively. Sex is another common outlet for accumulated rancor: "Hell, I must find a girl!"

The Swedes are a drinking people; but 6 per cent of them are teetotallers and they have been given power over the rest. The fact that local government is often controlled by teetotallers and that 40 per cent of the deputies in the Swedish Parliament are teetotallers shows how closely non-drinking is allied to political careerism. The teetotallers' societies and clubs are a power behind the scene. Since about 1911, when the teetotallers first gained paramount political power, the 94 per cent of ordinary drinking Swedes have been plagued by one sort of repressive drink legislation after another. In the press, in public life, in the social science textbooks in schools and in all the hortatory lectures of old to young it has become a generally accepted myth that drink is the root of all evil. It has replaced original sin.

The ordinary word for "to feast," "to have a party"—*festa*—has been made into a public dirty word, a sneer word of the Swedish press. They did this because for the ordinary people *festa* means to drink *brännvin* with your friends. After every public holiday the newspapers recount in detail, often with indignation and with sneers, the cases of drunkenness which the police had to deal with. Indeed, the outraged catalogue of drunkenness which comes after them has become a main feature of the public holidays, whether it be New Year, Whitsun or Midsummer. On any Monday morning you can take up your paper and read, "The weekend bag was 144," and you know what it means. "To have the smell of alcohol on your breath makes you almost a man without rights," said an article I came across in a pornographic magazine. Only in such a magazine could anyone dare to write such a sentence, for the pornographic magazines, like the drunkards, are considered to be outside the pale—*i.e.*, not legitimate components of Swedish life. (But between 1954 and 1959 convictions for drunkenness increased by 70 per cent; in the past ten years the sale of pornographic magazines has trebled.)

A Bow to Mrs. Grundy

Sundsvall is an important industrial city on the Swedish east coast. On a Saturday morning in April I crossed its main square and went down a side street. A sign said, "Humlan Café Co. of Sundsvall," and there was a large dark window at street level on either side of it. Inside were two dark connecting rooms with bare tables and about forty men sitting at them, drinking beer. Not a single man was drinking coffee. No one was eating anything. The tables had enamelled tops and over a door was a covered light with the word *Toalett*. Two or three women in navy-blue smocks were moving among the tables serving beer. There was a low hum of talk, some of the men were slightly intoxicated, several had very red faces. Most of them were wearing hats and some had coats on. They looked working-class. It was a typical Swedish *ölkafe* or "beer café." Most of them are owned by a state company or by public companies in which the state has indirect influence. The absurd name "beer café" is respectable society's attempt to fool itself — these are really "cafés," you see, not just places for drinking intoxicants, these are just cafés, where you can also have a beer! In the richest country in the world, where a "workers' party" has been in power for thirty years, these ugly, sordid dens are the only places which society provides for the ordinary working man to sit and drink with his friends. You will never find attractive young "bar girls" there, only middle-aged women, often bleached and deprived-looking, who have not been able to

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

get any other job. You will never hear a song there—singing is not allowed—nor hear a loud and lively discussion, nor see a crowd of merry revellers full of good fellowship. These are places of shame, and society is determined to make that clear by keeping them just as they are—sordid, ugly, desperately depressing and terribly lonely, like brothels used to be—part of life, but a shameful part of it. But whereas going to a brothel was by all standards immoral and was a regular practice for a minority only, drinking beer and *bränvin* is immoral by no standards and it is the regular habit of the vast majority of Swedes.

Understandably — since in most towns there is no place for an ordinary man to drink after about eight o'clock at night and even in big cities most of the working-class cafés close early—the commonest place for late-night drinking is the street. The streets are especially convivial on a Saturday night. Before the state liquor shops close on Saturday afternoon, you have bought a bottle of the strongest stuff. Armed with it, you wander through the night streets with or without a companion. You will meet them soon enough on the way. You go into a courtyard and have a swig, you skulk in a doorway and have a swig, then you move listlessly onwards until you want another swig. Or you stand in a group and pass it around and say "Devils!" "Devils!" every second word and every now and then a larger expletive, "Hell!" Then if the conscientious police don't take you in for being drunk, you throw your empty bottle on the ground and go home to bed. You have been a disgrace to yourself and to society and you know it. At the same time, in the cocktail bars of ritzy hotels, upper-class people are drinking martinis and whisky-sodas and calling taxis to take them home when they're drunk.

In the five budget years 1955 to 1960 alcohol tax was, after income tax, the biggest single source of revenue for the Swedish state and represented more than a tenth of total state revenue. The entire pattern of expenditure of the Swedish state, including the present level of the social services, depends on the despised spirits-drinkers, the pariah class, comprising most of the male population and a growing number of women. (Police records show that between 1954 and 1959 drunkenness of women increased by 122 per cent.) If it could be shown that the public philosophy and socio-psychological structure, which have been imposed on Swedish society, are a main reason for the rising rate of drunkenness and the high consumption of alcohol, then the present structure of Swedish taxation would acquire rather sinister implications.

The film *Summer with Monika* is a myth of modern Stockholm and of modern Sweden, a summary of the post-Christian "religion." The Boy and the Girl are the central characters. They live in Stockholm; their home life is drab and unhappy, their work brings them only rows and boredom. They meet and like each other. But in the City, the place where people dwell, they are souls in hell. On the approach of summer they run away from home, take the boat which belongs to the Boy's father and make for the Archipelago. The first night, moored by a rocky island, they sleep as a brother and sister would. Next morning, as the brilliant sunlight makes Nature beautiful and their souls pure, the Girl unclothes herself completely. By this act she puts aside the City and all that imprisoned her and gives her Yes to the sun, her own self and her Boy; in a word to Nature. Timid and groping, he grasps the meaning of her action and follows her into the sea. After that it is the new life for them—sun and love and the sea to bathe in, Nature their only rule. But as the summer draws to its end, shadows are gathering. The Girl is pregnant—a Third is intruding on the Dialogue of Two. They must return to the City to marry and earn money. Quarrels are beginning to soil their love. Now the City takes them back and re-entwines them in its meshes. After dwelling in Charity, they fall again under the Law. Within a few months they are hating each other just like all those other people, and the wife has betrayed her husband with another man. Baffled and bitter, he looks at the wreck of his happiness and sees for a brief moment in his mind's eye the sunlit body of the Girl he loved tripping over the rocks to the sea, away from him. That was his sacred moment, his brief time in Paradise; for the length of one summer his life had meaning.

The Unthinkables

(Gangbusters on the New Frontier)

VICTOR GOLD

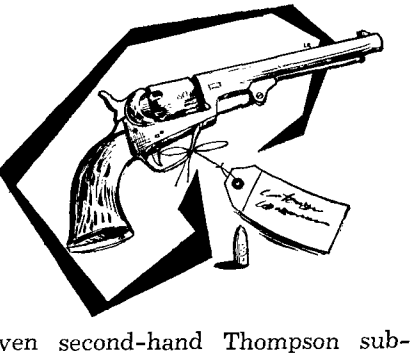
March 15, 1934

To All Members, Department of Police, City of Chicago:

Your attention is directed to increased partisan hectoring regarding the Dillinger file. Basic Department policy in this area is contained in White Paper, 1/17/34 (*Has Dillinger Betrayed His Revolution?*). Nevertheless, growing civic unrest, fanned by irate-wing extremists, makes further clarification necessary:

1. The Dillinger Gang is under constant surveillance. Its community prestige, according to Department surveys, is at an all-time low. Its economic affairs are in serious disarray.

2. Department experts assess Dillinger's total ballistic capability at



seven second-hand Thompson submachine guns, twelve old-model Smith & Wesson .45 caliber pistols, five obsolete Colt .32 caliber automatics and three bullet-proof vests of doubtful value. In the absence of howitzers and other long-range cannon—removed last month following

(Continued on p. 282)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Third World War

Who Gives a Whoop?

JAMES BURNHAM

Mr. Walter Lippmann vacationed, last month, in southern Arizona. While there, deprived as we all have been of the normal diet of New York newsprint, he principally read each day the papers of the Pulliam chain published in Phoenix and Tucson. On leaving he wrote, offering these as part of the evidence, that with respect to the Cuban problem there did not seem to be any "war party" in the United States; only a "war whoop party." That is: though many critics of the Administration are using a belligerent rhetoric, no one backs it up with specific proposals for the use of U.S. military force to get rid of the Castro regime. Lippmann was issuing the classic challenge: Fish or cut bait!

Burnham

It was a shrewd gambit. One after another, Lippmann's opponents have shied away, declining the offered knight. Mr. Pulliam fell all over himself, within 48 hours, to protest that, certainly not, he had never been one to suggest having a war with Castro. Senator Keating, who has seemed so close to taking leadership of the anti-Administration camp on the Cuban question, followed quickly with a parallel denial. Senator Dodd has all along declined to propose any sort of military action.

Against Force, Force

Mr. Lippmann, in sum, came out on top; he kept both his piece and his improved position on the board. And he pushed on a week or so later to the conclusion that since no one was even proposing to do anything serious about Castro, he is there to stay for a long while; so we had all better just learn to accept the fact and live with it. This is exactly the meaning, politically speaking, of the "wall of freedom" that the President was simultaneously drawing around Cuba in his speeches at San José.

The unpleasant reality, which so few choose to face openly though many know it in their hearts, is that U.S. military action will most certainly be required to dislodge the Castro regime. Castro the individual might be got rid of fairly simply. In the early days, eliminating him might have been enough to prevent the development of Cuba toward a Communism linked with Moscow. But Cuba now has an elaborate, increasingly integrated regime that must be overthrown. This cannot be accomplished by secondary or indirect means; many of these, even some already being used, may quite possibly strengthen the regime politically. The regime is based on force; it will not fall unless opposing force is included among the measures that are brought to bear against it.

This does not necessarily mean that there has to be a large-scale war, or any war at all in an official sense. It might not even require participation by formal U.S. military units. The gradations of battle in our day have become an infinite variety. But an effective operation will have to include U.S. military force. That is the controlling fact.

The unwillingness to face this fact is curious. It was faced by the U.S. Government early in 1960, and the appropriate conclusion was drawn: to mount an invasion of Cuba in the *form* of an operation by anti-Castro exiles but in actuality representing the deployment of U.S. policy and power. Mr. Kennedy reviewed this conclusion and did not negate its frank recognition that U.S. military force was indispensable. Unfortunately, he allowed himself to be dissuaded from carrying it through.

Does anyone believe that it is *easier* to oust the Castro regime today than in 1960-61? The query answers itself. But if nearly everyone was sure that U.S. military force was needed in 1960-61, surely it is fantastic to suppose that it is not needed today.

U.S. military force, in rather large and growing quantity, *is* being used today: in South Vietnam. That makes the attitude toward Cuba still more curious. It would be too bad if South Vietnam fell to Communism. But Cuba—now a Yenan in our hemisphere—is of incomparably greater strategic importance for the U.S. than South Vietnam. Why in the world are we willing to fight in Southeast Asia but not in the Caribbean? Because a general nuclear war might start over Cuba, but not over Vietnam? That is poppycock. Cuba is as far from Moscow as Vietnam. For both theaters, the law holds: Khrushchev will not sacrifice Moscow to save *either* Saigon *or* Havana.

The Missing Voice

It is a waste of time to go on talking about the "threat" from Castro-Cuba. Everyone knows about the threat. It was thoroughly described by Edward Martin, Assistant Secretary of State for Latin American Affairs, when he testified a few weeks ago before the House Committee on Foreign Affairs. And in truth everyone really knows also that the threat is not going to be lifted without the lever of U.S. military force. One should add that it will not even be contained no matter how high the President builds his Freedom Wall. As Haiti, Guatemala, Guiana, the Dominican Republic . . . go Castro, what then? Anyone who thinks it incorrect to use U.S. force against Communism in Cuba will have to think it improper in relation to Communism in Haiti or Guatemala.

What is missing is an influential public voice stating, and constantly repeating, a straightforward program for using U.S. military force intelligently, along with the other necessary means, to rid the Americas of Castro-Communism *before* it takes over new territory. Without such a program, insistently put forward, the criticism of the President's no-policy is only factional squawking.

If there is a Republican candidate on the scene who wants to prove his right to be President, here is his chance.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Principles and Heresies

Khrushchev, Mao and Orthodoxy

FRANK S. MEYER

THERE HAS probably been more nonsense talked about the factional struggle presently raging in the Communist world than about any other single political phenomenon of the past few years. That confusion has emanated from quarters as diverse as the Kennedy Administration and the American Establishment in general, European patriots of the type of Charles de Gaulle and Otto of Habsburg, Asian neutralists from Ceylon to Tokyo, and assorted journalists from Edward Crankshaw (who has for 25 years managed to misunderstand Communism) to Jules Monnerot (who at an earlier point in his life wrote one of the few really good books on Communism, *The Sociology and Psychology of Communism*). This is the position which maintains that what is going on is a profound and irreparable conflict between "Russia" and "China," one which makes the U.S. putatively an ally of "Russia" against "China."

Meyer

That position is one of the factors that lead to such bizarre and suicidal policies as Kennedy's refusal to invade Cuba, his progressively developing unilateral disarmament in first-strike weapons, and his course of phased appeasement; or to de Gaulle's opium dream of "Europe from the Urals to the Atlantic," with its tolerance of the Communist Party of France and its shameful withdrawal from Algeria. In the bemused search for a simpler and a happier solution than reality allows the West, they ignore the predominant political fact of the century, the unblinkable existence of that fusion of messianic devotion to a secular religion of world conquest with a powerful and subtle power machine, which is the Communist world enterprise.

Certainly, if "Russia" and "China" were our enemies (merely inimical great powers in the eighteenth- or nineteenth-century sense) and they fell out, it would be occasion for rejoicing and perhaps for a *détente*, for diplomacy and intrigue directed towards bringing about the most deadly struggle between them we could provoke. But what is going on in the Communist world is as far removed from that kind of great-power game as the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries are from the twentieth century.

WHAT IS actually happening is significant enough, but its significance is of a totally different kind. It is something that has happened a number of times before in the history of the Communist movement—an embittered factional struggle. Like the struggles of Lenin against the Liquidationists, Trotsky, the August Bloc, in the early days of the Bolsheviks; like his struggles in 1919 and 1920 with various blocs and groupings; like the struggles of Stalin, first against the Trotskyite-Zinovievite "Left" and then against the Bukharinite "Right"—the struggle presently raging in the Communist world is a struggle for orthodoxy.

True, now as then, the men who wage that struggle are also concerned with power; but their deepest concern is the victory of their interpretation of Marxist-Leninist truth. True also that, unlike the situation in these earlier struggles, the leaders of the opposed factions are both in possession of the armed might of great states, not men fighting internally for control of the same state. Nevertheless—although it is another form of nonsense to deny, as some anti-Communists do, the reality of the struggle, to insist that it is a phony show to pull the wool over our eyes—the essential character of the Khrushchev-Mao struggle is still that of an internecine dispute between devotees of the same materialist quasi-religion, not a conflict of interest between great powers. Indeed Mao and Khrushchev have each their supporters in the ranks of the other's parties and in the Communist Parties throughout the world.

Deep as their differences are, both factions are united in their fundamental devotion to the conquest of the world for Communism, to the defeat and destruction of Western civilization. The essence, in fact, of their struggle is how best to achieve this end, whether by the insidious masking tactics of "coexistence," designed to lull us to sleep while Communist power moves slowly and steadily forward, or by the strategy of an immediate massive offensive. To see this sectarian divergence between devotees of our destruction as a nineteenth-century struggle for power, to neglect utterly the common devotion of Communists, is only possible for vapid Liberals who have forgotten what it means to believe deeply.

THERE MAY come a day when the strength of the Communist faith dies away, as faith died away with the tired late-Byzantine Christians who, for reasons of power politics, could say, "Better the turban of the Turk than the tiara of the Pope." But that day has not arrived for Communism and shows no signs of arriving. Centuries after the Hegira, the bitterest theological schisms of Islam abated not at all the force and frenzy of its enmity to the West. The warriors who defended our civilization found enemies as fierce in the armies of the Fatimid Saladin as of the Sunnite Turk.

Yet the schism of Mao and Khrushchev is less deep by far, the Communist faith much younger and still moving with the impetus of continuing victory. Bitter as their dispute is, it reflects no lessening in the Communist will to conquest; it is a dispute only as to how best to cut our throats. Neither of the opposed positions bodes any good to us. The answer to both, united or divided, cannot be—if the West is to survive—retreat, appeasement, disarmament. It was not through craven dreams of coexistence, but through the armed counter-offensive of the Crusades that the West in its youth drove back the attack of Islam.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Goldwater Country

JAMES JACKSON KILPATRICK

At stake in the South are at least 100 of the 270 electoral votes needed to win. Goldwater, says the author, can get them; Rockefeller cannot

Richmond

On November 6, 1962, some 58,000 voters of the Third Congressional District of Virginia went to the polls. Their purpose was to choose between J. Vaughan Gary, Democrat, and Louis H. Williams, Republican, in electing their Representative in the Congress. In point of fact, there was a third man in the race, a high school teacher by the name of Dudley; he got precisely 584 votes, and thereby hangs a tale.

It is not exactly the tale I intend to tell here. My assignment is to report upon "Barry Goldwater's strength in the South," and before long I expect to get around to that assignment; but Barry Goldwater's strength in the South is a speculative matter, while the contest among Messrs. Gary, Williams and Dudley is a matter of very remarkable record, and this is a case in which the general proposition may best be demonstrated by recourse to specific instance.

When the Third District's votes were all recounted and the canvassers had departed the courtroom, the returns officially were certified as follows: For Gary, 28,914; for Williams, 28,566; for Dudley, 584. The most elementary exercise in addition will make it clear that Mr. Dudley, who ran as a very right right-winger, claimed just that vital one per cent of the vote that otherwise would have elected Dr. Williams, who ran as a right right-winger. In a straight two-man race, Dr. Williams would have won; it would have been the most shocking upset of that election day; and you would have read about it on the front page of Wednesday's papers. But *sic transit gloria* Tuesday. Dr. Williams, the Republican, lost.

At the time of November's election, Mr. Gary, the winning Democrat, had served eighteen years in the House. He went to the polls as a native Richmonder, a graduate of the city's public schools, a former member of the Virginia House of Delegates, a well-known lawyer. By the standards of his conservative constituency, Mr. Gary's record in the House might not have been described as brilliant or distinguished, but it was generally good. From a mildly Liberal position in his first few years, Mr. Gary had swung to positions of nearly total conservatism. By some indices, indeed, he ranked as the most conservative Democrat in the House. Within the District, he is not exactly

loved, or held in deep affection, for he is not that kind of a man; but he has few active enemies and he claims many agreeable friends.

His Republican opponent, Dr. Louis H. Williams, went into the campaign as an absolute unknown. Virginia puts great store in Virginia birth and antecedents; Dr. Williams was born in what Patrick Henry once described as "poor, despised North Carolina." The Third District expects some political experience of its candidates for high office; Dr. Williams was an obstetrician-gynecologist, six years out of medical school, who never had run for anything. Our state has a tradition of oratory; Dr. Williams, at the outset of his campaign, was among the worst public speakers on record.

In brief—and I expect to get to Barry Goldwater's strength in the South almost any minute now—there was on paper every reason to believe that in the capital of the old Confederacy, the veteran, experienced, hometown Democratic incumbent would swamp this younger, unknown, inexperienced, North Carolina Republican interloper. But in the end, Mr. Gary won only by the ironic fluke of the 584 votes cast for the independent, Mr. Dudley.

The explanation may be found in a single word: *Kennedy*. Or if that single word offends the sensitive ear, try another: *Goldwater*. Mr. Gary, the Democrat, was identified with John F. Kennedy and with the National Democratic Party; and though he tried mightily, he could not shake the identification; it stuck to him like a shadow, like rubber cement, like lint on a coat; he could not brush it away. And Dr. Williams, who learned the political arts amazingly as he went along, campaigned as a Goldwater Republican.

In early October, the senator from Arizona came to Richmond to speak for Dr. Williams at a breakfast rally in the Hotel John Marshall. By 7:30 A.M., Franklin Street and Fifth were a sea of station wagons, all of them bearing Goldwater-Williams stickers on their bumpers. It was the damndest Republican rally ever to be held in what used to be known as the solidly Democratic South. Here they were, 500 strong—college youths, young housewives, suburban husbands, substantial citizens, a handful of sophisticated Negro leaders—meeting for breakfast, mind you, to see Barry Goldwater, and hopefully to shake his hand, and incidentally to meet their Republican candidate for Congress. The campaign workers

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

went away from that rally a band of Gideons. They set up a headquarters that clicked like a Yankee infield; they worked night and day to get out the Williams vote; and but for the presence of Mr. Dudley, they would have pulled off the prize.

Now, there is a lesson in this Virginia contest for politicians the country over to ponder with care. The Third District of Virginia is thoroughly "Southern" in its political attitudes. It votes overwhelmingly for Harry Byrd and for Mr. Byrd's candidates for state office, but it has gone thumpingly Eisenhower, Eisenhower, Nixon in the past three Presidential elections. Given a chance, it would go joyously for Goldwater in 1964. My guess is that of the thirteen southern and border states, probably nine of them—possessed of about 100 of the 270 electoral votes needed to win—would go the same way.

What is the source of Barry Goldwater's strength in the South? Why, it is simply this: He stands at the opposite pole from Mr. Kennedy, and these days that reading is true north for the Deep South. He alone offers that clear contrast of conservatism as opposed to Liberalism. In a region that lives on its symbols, the junior senator from Arizona is a symbol of everything the conservative South reveres: States' Rights, strict construction, limited government, private enterprise, and America first, last and always. But above all else, he has nothing in common with Kennedy.

There is more to Mr. Goldwater's strength, of course. The Arizonan is critical of the UN; he is skeptical of foreign aid; he is eager to see reasonable restraints placed upon the powers of organized labor. These are essentially Southern positions. Mr. Goldwater opposes deficit spending, demands sound currency, defends state and local responsibilities. The South stands solidly behind him. And beyond these relatively immaterial questions of the Senator's stand on public issues is the personality of the man himself: He is soldier and patriot; he has charm, grace, and good manners; and these characteristics are contained, moreover, in a Rhett Butler maleness that men find attractive and the girls find divine.

In the South's appraisal of the Presidential scene, Mr. Goldwater's views on the race question seem scarcely to matter. The issue has lost much of its potency in most of the South. Search the recent inaugural addresses of Southern governors and, save in Alabama and Mississipi, you will find the subject scarcely touched. Mr. Goldwater "believes in integration." All right. In terms of Presidential candidates, so do they all. Mr. Goldwater is not rabid on the subject; he does not propose to abolish state authority altogether. But Mr. Kennedy sent 17,000 troops to Mississippi, and brother Bobby is the pal of Martin Luther King; and Nelson Rockefeller is having the civil rights hysterics.

The '64 election is still a long way off, but the South lives and breathes politics. The region is thinking ahead. It is thinking drearily of Kennedy - Rockefeller, hopefully of Kennedy-Goldwater. If the choice is Tweedledum or Tweedledee, the South will take John F. Tweedledum in a bitter Hobson's choice, or else plunge heroically into a swamp of third parties, independent electors, States' Rights Democrats and all the rest. It will not accept Mr. Rockefeller. The New Yorker would have to find his 270 votes somewhere else. They can't be found here.

But a Kennedy-Goldwater race? In any map of Presidential prospects, the South is Goldwater country. Color it red, white and blue. And remember the Third Virginia District: what counts these days in Dixie is that Kennedy is a Kennedy, and Rockefeller is a Kennedy, but Goldwater, praise be, is not.

VICTOR GOLD

(Continued from p. 278)

Department demands that area zoning ordinances be observed — this arsenal is properly classified defensive in nature.

3. Your Department has at its disposal approximately twelve hundred police officers, five thousand small arms of the very latest design, fifty Thompson submachine guns just in from the factory and an overwhelming weapons superiority provided by National Guard reserves. Viewing the Dillinger problem in this perspective, it is little short of ridiculous to assume that City Hall is in danger of attack.

Proper Warning

4. Of course, it is always *possible* that City Hall could be attacked. Anything is *possible*. Your Department is alert to this possibility, however, and has duly warned Dillinger that such an attack would represent the gravest of threats to community law and order.

5. Department strategy takes into account growing evidence that the Gang is no longer monolithic in structure. Underworld intelligence reports confirm that Dillinger and Baby Face Nelson, between fusillades at police officers, hardly speak to each other.

6. Contrary to rumors circulating State Street, your Department was under no pledge, promise or obligation to furnish roof cover for citizen vigilantes during their recent abortive assault on Dillinger headquarters.

7. Finally, your Department remains convinced that the only real answer to the threat of Dillinger and Dillingerism lies in an expanded economic development program for the affected neighborhood. While we acknowledge some difficulty in locating risk capital investors for new projects, there is no satisfactory alternative in a modern civilized age. A police stake-out and full-dress attack, with its concomitant violence and decline in neighborhood property values, is unthinkable.

8. Should the inquiring citizen persist in his hectoring, advise him to take a fifty-mile hike to let off steam. If nothing else, it will put him in Peoria police jurisdiction.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Special Report

The Case for Gas Warfare

ANTHONY HARRIGAN

After years of almost total lack of interest, the United States has taken up guerrilla warfare training as though it were something new under the sun. As a result, think shops at the Rand Corporation, Institute of Defense Analyses and elsewhere have been cranking out guerrilla warfare studies. Mao Tse-tung's writings on the subject are in paperback edition. A special manual on tactics for guerrilla operations has been made available to Marines. Sudden interest in the subject stems from the fact that Americans are being shot at and killed in South Vietnam. Americans have little difficulty acquiring the savvy necessary for guerrilla warfare. But this begs the question of whether guerrilla warfare is the best way for the United States to conduct military operations.

Guerrilla warfare is cheap in everything but human life. In that, it is very, very expensive. China and the Southeast Asian lands can afford to expend manpower in battle at a tremendous rate. It is no difficult matter for Red China, for example, to find more coolies to carry a burp gun and a small bag of rice.

But the United States cannot afford such expenditure of lives. The American citizen-soldier is too valuable to sacrifice. But when we engage in guerrilla-war-type operations, as in South Vietnam, we are fighting on the enemy's terms and in a way that eases his problems. We are not using what is our real strength: the production of weapons that can effectively counter a very numerous foe.

The best way for the U. S. to achieve its military aims in Southeast Asia would be to rely on chemical warfare. The United States will never have enough counter-insurgency troops to comb every rice paddy in the battle zones of South Vietnam. We cannot send armored personnel carriers down every irrigation canal. Not enough helicopters can be produced and manned to track down every band of guerrillas hiding in wooded areas. But it *is* possible to "sanitize" an area with chemical weapons, with gases and sprays that destroy vegetation, animal life and crops. We can create a no-man's-land across which the guerrillas cannot move. We can clean up an area so that the enemy won't dare attempt to operate in it. The most important use of chemicals is to deny terrain to an enemy unless he is willing to take a tremendous number of casualties. A single helicopter equipped with a gas dispenser, could flush out an entire band of guerrillas in a few minutes of work. Gas also is effective on rough terrain where guerrillas hide in caves and tall grass and where counter-guerrillas cannot go except at high cost in human life.

Answer to Guerrilla Tactics

Because the United States has control of the air over Southeast Asia, it is in a position to make maximum use of gas warfare. Either fixed wing or helicopter aircraft can dispense the gas. In addition, gas can be delivered by special gas shells, as was the practice in World War I. Indeed it is not extreme to suggest that gas and other chemical instrumentalities may be the answer to guerrilla war operations everywhere in the world, whether they be partisan struggles in city streets or insurgency operations in mountainous areas. Drenching a countryside with gas can set up an effective barrier or root guerrillas out of their strongholds.

Why hasn't the use of gas in South Vietnam been considered by the U.S.? The answer is that the country has refused to give thought to this branch of modern weaponry because public opinion is clouded and confused with regard to the issue of gas warfare. The United States has invested billions of dollars in hydrogen bombs that could blow up entire cities but gas, a far less lethal weapon, must not even be considered, say the opponents of chemical warfare.

Toxic chemical warfare has not been used since World War I, and several generations have grown up uninformed on its capabilities but in the widespread belief left over from the First World War that its use is cruel and unethical. The myth of immorality is the principal barrier to effective use of a weapon that could implement the defense of freedom in many parts of the world. The public should be brought to a realization that chemical warfare agents are not the cruel weapons of total destruction that they have been termed. Indeed, until the U.S. is prepared to use these weapons, there will be a gap in American military defenses against the Communist enemy. We will be fighting with one hand tied behind our back, especially in the zones where guerrillas have an edge on Western forces.

In considering gas warfare, the U.S. public needs to know some vital facts: that gases and other chemicals do not destroy property, for example. Thus a land need not be impoverished by chemical warfare as it is by war with conventional weapons. Gases now available can cause destruction of the will to resist or induce temporary mental derangements; many of these gases do not kill or result in permanent injury. These gases are termed psycho-chemicals and are non-lethal incapacitating agents.

Whereas today's counter-insurgency operations involve killing with bayonets, knives and similar weapons, conflict with gases is relatively bloodless. And a nation that has no qualms about training counter-guerrillas in the art of knifing guerrillas in nighttime operations certainly should have no objection to gas warfare, especially with gases that are non-lethal.

Brig. Gen. J. H. Rothschild USA (Ret.) has correctly stated that this "neglect of non-lethal chemicals is nothing short of tragic. Man is now confronted with the possibility that he can, in some important measure, eliminate death from warfare." Of course, the use of gases should not be predicated on their usefulness in avoiding bloodshed. That simply points up the senselessness of the myth of chemical warfare's immor-

(Continued on p. 298)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

From the Academy

RUSSELL KIRK

Professional Brawn in College

Some years ago, a gentleman with whom I often disagree—Professor Henry Steele Commager—made a most sound observation. "There is no more reason for the young men of Harvard to furnish football entertainment to the public," he wrote, "than there is for the young ladies of Vassar to furnish night-club entertainment."

Kirk

But some college presidents think otherwise. Last September, Dr. Norman Topping, president of the University of Southern California, made public his alarm at the encroachment of professional football upon the preserves of university football. Why, there might even occur—horrid to think—curtailment of major athletic events at eminent universities and colleges, should attendance at the college games continue to diminish because of the competition of the frankly professional teams. This melancholy outburst was provoked by the scheduling of professional matches at the Los Angeles Sports Arena, pushing USC out of the better dates. What shocking commercialism!

Tottering Hegemony

College baseball, for one reason or another, always has yielded pride of place to the professionals. But college football, and its younger partner basketball, have aspired to domination over the paid teams; for years, indeed, they exercised such a hegemony. Yet it seems to have entered the mind of the public that fully professional teams are better, as sheer amusement, than the quasi-professional squads of the colleges. So the public's filthy lucre has been passing to the full-timers.

Though some universities would institute academic majors in toreadorship and matadorship if it weren't for the Humane Society, I find myself unable to shed tears in company with President Topping. Indeed, the compulsory abandoning of quasi-commercial athletics under university and college sponsorship would be a considerable blow in the cause of the higher learning in America.

Whenever I write this sort of thing, aggrieved coaches protest to me that I must be against a sound mind in a sound body. But on the contrary, I find our average college man distressingly flabby, in part because he drives his sports car even if he is only proceeding to the corner drug store. Boxing, wrestling, and fencing I particularly endorse; and of course football, basketball and baseball are all to the good—if they really have any place for the average collegian.

Our trouble is that the average collegian could no more play on a major college team than he could be appointed Librarian of Congress. Since the present object of college athletics is to bring a dubious fame to the institution, attract paying crowds, and please what a friend of mine calls "the ersatz alumni," the famous college squads are recruited from brawny high-school quasi-professionals whom scouts draw in with promises of lavish athletic scholarships. The proportion of thugs among these gentry grows, and the proportion of dullards always has been tremendous.

President Topping, as quoted in a press dispatch, endeavors to argue that these are bright lads. "You've all seen and met great athletes who also are excellent students. It has been proven that sports and athletics are not mutually exclusive."

Um hum. Probably there have been some sensitive souls enlisted in the French Foreign Legion, too. I have known some football players who could do more than read and write, and even one who received a Rhodes Scholarship. But such achieved some intellectual elevation in spite of their innumerable hours spent in training, not because of them. Probably the majority of football players graduate from college—when they *do* graduate—only because their professors have truckled down to the pressure from the coaches.

Where Waterloo Was Won

No national educational apparatus emphasizes field sports more than the British, from what we should call the lower grades up through the university. But theirs is genuine athleticism. At the English and Scottish universities, "athletic scholarships" would be regarded as the Mark of the Beast; and competition for the public's £.s.d., against the professional rugger and soccer teams, would provoke the appointment of a Royal Commission, fury in Parliament, and even the indignation of the penny press. British university students play for the fun of it, and probably would be annoyed if anyone came to see them except classmates and a few locals. Any student who wants to play on a university team, and can master the fundamentals of the sport, has his chance: he doesn't have to be a gorilla. Though the British universities spend next to nothing on "athletic programs," the typical British student is in better condition than the American because he is not simply a spectator.

These strictures apply with equal force to our high schools. A reader who was once a Marine training instructor at Parris Island, and who is all for muscular vigor, writes to me in dispraise of the commercialized athleticism of Indiana high schools. "I personally heard the Richmond coach, during a speech to a group of businessmen, threaten—in all seriousness—that if the attendance at his football games did not increase, he was going to make arrangements to play his games in Dayton, where he knew he could draw a decent crowd."

When professional competition threatens the ascendant college sports of beer-drinking and necking, then I'll tremble for the survival of the Academy: but not when USC can't fill the Sports Arena.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Care and Feeding of Moloch

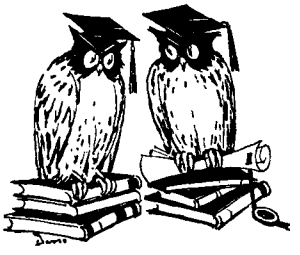
GARRY WILLS

When two veterans of Teachers College take time from their foundation and government assignments to attack "educationism," it seems as if the tide is turning. But look closer: they are attacking the educationists for not going far enough, John Dewey for being too conservative, and the life-adjusters for adjusting to ancient ways. This strategy was to be expected. Progressive education has done its job, and must be abandoned to its fate, while a series of "higher educationisms" are elaborated. The best defense is attack. The new educationists will laugh at basket weaving, deplore the decline of mathematics, dissociate themselves from the failures of the progressive movement—sacrificing the advance units in order to move forward a ruthlessly efficient inner guard.

The new strategy is fairly well executed in this early effort. But its authors have yet to learn that those who profess respect for the fundamental educational disciplines should acquire some of them, as window-dressing if nothing else. They might begin with logic and grammar. These two professors—one of sociology, one of philosophy—are not intimidated by the most rarefied questions in philosophy or politics, most of which they settle in a matter of pages. But the intricacies of the English language lie beyond their reach. They are visibly disconcerted in the presence of adverbs ("the feeling once currently held") and prepositions ("the utter condemnation with which he holds the power elite"). Attempts at anything beyond a simple sentence regularly abort: "What struck us so intensely are the desperate efforts . . ." "Mr. Gardiner most deserves the title 'classicist,' for the model of argument of his recent book, *Excellence*, stems directly from Plato and, more specifically, Aristotle" (as one might say "the drawing of the blueprint of the city grew *directly* from New York and, more *specifically*, Los Angeles"). Since these gentlemen are not at home with words, and can hardly trust them to do their bidding, they say things two or three times, just to make sure: "one single *idée fixe*," "once currently held," "fundamental, overriding fact," etc.

Education and the New America, by Solon T. Kimball and James E. McClellan Jr. Random House, $7.50

The rhetoric is a dizzying mixture of the sociological ("valuing," "nuclear family"); the journalistic ("experience the heart-tugging sense that it [they are talking about the highway system] does work"); pedestrian political ("the stale flatness of our ancient verities"); cultural lecturer ("insightful," "overview"); high-school debater ("much-taunted togetherness"); and correspondence-school illiterate ("catechismal," "anti-modernity," "school people"). The argument is punctuated with assurances that we cannot return to horse and buggy days, that we must have the courage to face the new, etc. There seems to be nothing the matter with horse-and-buggy rhetoric; one would almost think there is a natural law at work, that "modernists" must urge progress upon us in clichés.



As proponents of progress, the stammering professors do indeed make Dewey look like McGuffey. The best (and the most derivative) part of their book describes the shift from an agrarian America to one increasingly revolving around Metropolis. Dewey was too conservative because he thought primarily in terms of the agrarian past and did not succeed in expunging it from his present concerns. Messrs. Kimball and McClellan, perhaps because they have less to expunge, succeed where Dewey failed. Few, looking backward into history, can boast as near a horizon as theirs. They are certain that the coming of Metropolis "exceeds in magnitude and significance any previous event in human history, except perhaps [a generous perhaps] the emergence of man himself as a culture-building and -transmitting creature." The mere presence of this new Thing at the center of our lives is enough to make irrelevant all judgments formed before its advent, all arguments insufficiently respectful to its prominence; alone it has "shattered the traditional wisdom of our culture."

Faced with this culture-destroying Sphinx, how are we to read its riddle or control its power? There is only one way, say the authors: jump down its throat, and then *its* power will be *ours*. Their key term is *commitment*. By this they do not mean what the Existentialists call a personal commitment. In fact, Existentialists, beatniks, Amish people and "sectarian" Christians and Jews are the principal villains of the book, guilty of withdrawing from the System, denying the Sphinx its full daily diet. The sociologist takes over from the philosopher when it comes to defining "commitment." Having a stake in society is, we are told, what keeps the Irish or the Navahos loyal to their familial system of social sanctions. And today we all have a supreme stake in Metropolis, for two reasons: we cannot withstand its power anyway, and this system is based on Reason rather than on the Myths that keep the Irish or the Navahos trudging in the same track. Commitment is therefore "ob-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

jective," the cohesion of many into a single undertaking with universally accepted rules.

Why, one may wonder, did these men not choose a more precise word for their central concept? Even their clumsy thumbs could have riffled one out of the dictionary. They are in fact talking about the principle of *authority* in society, the assent that can be summoned for any of the disciplinary tasks of a community. But the authors cannot bring themselves to use an "agrarian-stage" term like authority. They live with, and their lives *are,* the fiction that Reason has made choice and compulsion obsolete: "For most of us, fortunately, in most of our actions, the right thing to do is not only very obvious, it is also the most natural, the easiest thing to do."

In such a simple world, no external authority is needed; one simply exposes children to sweet reason, and light makes its own way in. It is true that some people may withdraw into sullen protest—beatniks, Amish and the like. But these people will not survive the blinding rays of the new education; and those who do can be safely considered as Ill, and submitted to various kinds of Cure: "part of the price of being an American is being an organization man . . . the very attempt to discover an alternative is a form of mental and social illness." This is a charge with which the authors are disturbingly free, though it must be admitted that they can temper it to the polite precision of "To deny this would be a form of *mild* insanity."

THAT IS what is so jolly about a system in which, as the authors put it, "scientific rationality is the sovereign, supreme, jealously unique discipline." Those who will not join are not crushed; they are "helped." For a while, it is true, a fondness for past "myths" can be excused, since in this age of Light no sane men can really *believe* in the myths: "Sophisticated morals and taste are shocked by the overtones of primitive cannibalism in the symbolic act of the Sacrament of Communion and by the ethically repulsive doctrines of the Covenant and the Atonement. None of this matters essentially, however, for no one attends to the doctrines."

But, after the children have been thoroughly trained in the new code, this excuse will be taken from those who persist in "separatism." Already the authors mumble ominously about certain religious and ethnic groups "whose leadership endeavors to maintain or create special distinctions by isolating their members from the larger society," and in another place we are warned that this tendency can "shatter Western civilization by erosion." Since morality is now simply a matter of "clear thinking" about our duty to the system, there is nothing immoral in making people "pay the price" for all the benefits our "scientific collectivity" has bestowed upon them: "We have created a world in which

Random Notes

● MOVIES: The logic of censorship is often inscrutable, but the Finns have thought up a way to ban a movie that has the Grand Prix of the Catholic Film Office, First Prize from the Lutheran Film Guild, and the Berlin Silver Bear Award. The film, *Question Seven,* is about a man of God and his conscience in Red Germany. And one mustn't embarrass one's neighbors. Has ever an ideology been so demure and coy as Communism in its cultural affairs, or so priggishly touchy? . . . *Variety* notes with satisfaction that the Bleecker Street Cinema knows not the competition of TV (never a part of the life-kit of the Higher Bohemia) and runs every kind of movie successfully, "experimental and abstract, collage, décolletage, Zen and home." . . . Tony Perkins and La Bardot are to co-star in Edouard Molinaro's *Une Ravissante Idiote,* with Perkins speaking his own French. . . . More title trouble: the polling prognosticators say that the film version of Lillian Hellman's *Toys in the Attic* will click in the public intelligence as juvenile stuff, like *The Children's Hour.* . . . Dino de Laurentis, surrounded by such assistant directors as Federico Fellini and Vittorio de Sica, by Christopher Fry and a squad of writerlings, by advisers from the Vatican, Israel, and the Church of England, pushes ahead with his filming of the entire Bible.

● BOOKS: The newest volume of the Boswell papers will be published next month, *The Ominous Years,* the journal of the twenty months after the Hebrides tour with Johnson, a troubled time for the biographer. Edited by Charles Ryskamp and Frederick Pottle (McGraw-Hill, $8.50). . . . McGraw-Hill also promises, for June, Jules Feiffer's first novel, *Harry, the Rat with Women* ($4.50). . . . Mary McCarthy's two beautiful books, *The Stones of Florence* and *Venice Observed,* impressively expensive ($15) in their original formats, will be in paperback next month for $1.35 each. The Evelyn Hofer photographs, however, have been deleted. (Harcourt, Brace & World.) . . . Stan Evans' *Revolt on the Campus* will come out in a German edition this spring.

The Russians are becoming subtle in bringing writers to heel. They've committed to the loony bin three authors who smuggled their manuscripts to the free world. Valerij Tarsis, who has two novels in print in England, Michael Naritsa, and Alexander Yesenin, have all been pronounced stark raving mad. Cheer up, Comrades, it's the latest thing in jails.

● ULTIMATE REVIEW: Mike Mooney on Philip Wylie's *Triumph*: "After Mom, the Bomb."

● NICE ART: The NAACP has taken to picketing minstrel shows; and a Las Vegas production of *South Pacific* has removed "the Japs" from its dialogue and substituted "the enemy."

● GRAND NEWS FROM DUBLIN: Brendan Behan's new play, *Richard's Cork Leg,* progresses nicely on the work-table.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

an individual can find it easy and natural to behave decently toward his neighbors, to practice the classical virtues of temperance, magnanimity, and justice, even the Christian virtue of humility. The price we pay for such a world is that we give up the belief that there is a final reason, an ultimate meaning to justify human existence." The orthodoxy of Reason is proclaimed; and it will have its inquisitors. The authors are already slipping into complaints that "the young are being herded into church and bombarded with religious slogans." They are clearly ready to build bomb-shelters, and "help" the herds into schools that will be free of Slogan.

Now you see why, aside even from their general ineptitude as writers, the authors *had* to use a fuzzy vocabulary. They must hide from us, and (even more desperately) from themselves, the real name of their system. That name is Tyranny. The Sphinx is weirdly beautiful; but it exerts a heavy tribute from those who are lured into idolatry, nothing less than human sacrifice. There is always a Sphinx in the world, a power one cannot oppose. And men have stayed men by opposing it. Great things, in all ages, have been promised if only man will submit to some "jealously unique" Power. The odds are always with Moloch; but, somehow, he has always lost. Idols do not seem to thrive on a diet of men.

Fiction

Novels with Masks

GUY DAVENPORT

THESE three books can only be called novels, yet each is, beyond argument, a literary structure of quite different anatomy housed in a novel's form. Contingent dots equidistant from a point appear to be a circle, but aren't, and there's the sheep parasite that penetrates and fills a water snail, keeping every contour with perfect deception. The novel has always been such a host, but on a more occasional footing than now when the novel must accommodate all forms that have lost their own viability. An elegy thick with classical allusions has hard going among the publishers' readers. But there are disguises. Günter Grass has written an allegory with medieval intricacy and strength; J. A. Cuddon, a sermon; John Updike, a myth.

ALLEGORY is symbolic shorthand. *The Tin Drum,* Mr. Grass' first novel (published in Germany in 1959 and now translated by Ralph Manheim), reduces to negotiable terms the life of the German people (one ought to say the German underpeople, the nobodies - in - particular) and how they fared from the First World War to the defeat of the Nazis. Only once in 589 pages do we see an authentic Nazi in action and that's "the blue eyes of Adolf Hitler, the Führer and Chancellor, as he stood in his black Mercedes distributing rectangular salutes." All else is life in a Danzig grocery store and its environs, as recalled from a bed in a lunatic asylum.

Oskar, the narrator, has kept the size of a three-year-old for thirty years, banging on a tin drum, his fetish and virtuoso mode of expression. Not until the defeat does he choose to grow, with awful results, for he immediately regrets the choice, accomplishes only four feet, and growth makes him a hunchback. The psychological correlatives are evident. Oskar is half-Polish, half-German, a Danziger, and his heritage is both that of peasant and city-dweller. Like Danzig itself, his kind is the football of politics. His size keeps his childishness before us, and his stratagem-hatching mind, foxy, self-protective and satiric, justifies the grotesque camouflage of a tot's body. Part Schweik, part Katzenjammer Kid, Oskar survives the Nazi madness. When he grows up, he is promptly committed to an asylum; the real madness, Mr. Grass suggests, is to assume that one can participate honestly in an hallucinated society, and that is what Germany, if not all Europe, seems to be. Given a tin drum, excused from adult responsibility, deluded: such is Mr. Grass' caricature of Germany. One eloquent symbol recurs throughout: Oskar is too much a brat to go to school. His sole education comes from a book about Goethe and one about Rasputin. In an inspired moment he unbinds the two, interleaves their pages to make a single incoherent volume which he flips through lovingly all of his long childhood.

J. A. Cuddon's *A Multitude of Sins* is also a first novel. The title refers to James 5:20, "He which converteth the sinner from the error of his way shall save a soul from death, and shall hide a multitude of sins." The phrase, however, was a pastoral favorite in the early church and Peter's "charity shall cover the multitude of sins" is intended as well. Conversion and charity are the terms of Mr. Cuddon's sermon; around them he has looped an old-fashioned plot, with integral sub-plots. We require of a novel's plot that it be seemingly fortuitous but plausible, "lifelike." The plot of a parable in a sermon, however, is providential, an example of God's will. "As luck was with me, Providence was my guide," Samuel Butler says in *Erewhon,* playing with the irony proper and native to fiction. When we claim for a plot the iron manipulation of Providence, then the characters diminish to checkers, subservient to the game.

This is a pity, for Mr. Cuddon draws his characters with an engaging hand, and his settings, a London home for the destitute, a general's house, the streets, are convincing. The story is of a young monk who leaves his monastery voluntarily, to live with his doubts in present-day London. The world claims him through a series of shocking acci-

---

The Tin Drum, by Günter Grass. Pantheon, $6.95

A Multitude of Sins, by J. A. Cuddon. Sheed & Ward, $4.50

The Centaur, by John Updike. Knopf, $4.00

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

dents, while one by one his Godless friends are saved or driven by circumstance into the Church. The sermon is a tough one, without sentimentality, and its hard look at human helplessness before the gift of faith seems universal and timeless.

JOHN UPDIKE'S *The Centaur*, his third novel, is both elegy and myth. As an elegy it is a hymn of praise to a high-school science teacher, the centaur of the title, for the centaur Chiron was Achilles' tutor and mythology's most accomplished pedagogue. But Chiron was a tragic figure as well. At the wedding brawl of the Lapiths, where a band of wild mountain centaurs tried to steal the bride, Chiron, an honored guest, suffered a wound that proved incurable. His immortality thus became unbearable and in time he gave his life in expiation for Prometheus' sin, freeing both himself and Prometheus from pain.

Manipulating a realistic plot and a myth simultaneously is the art with which Joyce wrote *Ulysses*, and ever since novelists have attempted to master the painstaking imagination and invention needed to construct so contrived a pattern. Every realistic detail must suggest a mythological one, so that the texture of narration is like a double exposure with both images valid. For instance, the bird-man Daedalus is a duck-tail-haired kid of mechanical ingenuity, in a canary-yellow shirt playing a pinball machine, which represents the Labyrinth. And so on. There must be a poetic logic for all this, detail by detail, and it must be sustained for 299 pages.

Before *The Centaur* only Eudora Welty could work in Joyce's laborious method (and all her stories are so written), a method that is both an evasion of the novel as a raw account of life and a fulfillment of the novel's real purpose, the evaluation of experience by disclosing its harmonies and implications. Joyce could build chords of images so rich in suggested meaning that they are inexhaustible of interest. John Updike uses a more spare, lean chord. He is concerned to rhyme the plangent, adolescent experience of an American high school with the beginning of Western education in a Greek gymnasium, uncovering grating discrepancies and unsuspected similarities. This is why his prose narrative is an elegy rather than a novel; his whole concern is to project a music of images, creating a lyric beauty in which both mythical Greece and America participate, frequently with rivalling grace.

The world is a real place for John Updike and he accepts it precisely as he sees it, unamended and whole, without qualms and with an appetite long absent in American letters. His eye is fine; his prose is a triumph of clarity; and his transmutation of the quotidian (a farmhouse in winter, a repair shop, a basketball game) into a furniture as important as the figured jugs and carved marble of Greece is a gift to the imagination.

Cuba Story, Wraps Off

RALPH DE TOLEDANO

THE CUBA STORY, when told properly and completely, will be one of the tragic epics of our time. Like the China story, it is a tale of human folly. At each step of the way to the current crisis, what was ahead could be predicted. But the Cassandras who spoke out were reviled, their warnings rejected, by men whose proven errors only added to their arrogance.

It is a tale beginning in the early 1950s when a group of Cuban exiles —pro-American, anti-Communist, and dedicated to the overthrow of Fulgencio Batista— were tossed into prison by a State Department which subsequently did everything in its power to bring about the victory of Fidel Castro and his Communist conspirators. This abortive revolt could have succeeded with no more help from the United States than a decision to overlook laws which theoretically bar the planning of revolts on American soil. Today, it will take a full-scale invasion of Cuba by troops armed and trained by the United States, with adequate air cover, to overthrow the Castro Communist dictatorship.

The Great Deception: The Inside Story of How the Kremlin Took Over Cuba, by James Monahan and Kenneth O. Gilmore. Farrar, $3.95

Strike in the West: The Complete Story of the Cuban Crisis, by James Daniel and John G. Hubbell. Holt, $3.50

History has moved rapidly since the days of that first attempted revolt. But the propagandists of the Establishment have moved faster. It is now forgotten that the Batista regime fell as a direct consequence of State Department actions, that responsible officials of the Eisenhower Administration were repeatedly assured that Castro was not a Communist though intelligence files nailed home the truth of the charge with deadly finality. Late in 1960, after the Communists had openly showed their hand in Havana, a *Christian Science Monitor* correspondent, lately out of a Castro prison, could assure a Sigma Delta Chi meeting in Washington that there was no evidence of Fidel's Red complicity—and that those who held otherwise were extremists.

The role of the Kennedy Administration in sabotaging the Bay of Pigs invasion, recorded in the public prints at the time, has now been officially denied. The history of the Soviet military build-up and of its discovery has been thoroughly rewritten, and the consequences of the President's actions are being withheld from the American people by a subservient press. The need for a detailed and documented account of the Cuban tragedy, while the participants are still alive and the records unchanged, is therefore great. Arthur Schlesinger Jr. once complained that it was difficult to write contemporary history because there were always people about who would say, "That isn't how it happened." But there are

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

also people who know how it *did* happen. In the case of Cuba, the research material is at hand. It simply requires a good reporter willing to gather it together and to tell it without fear.

TWO NEW BOOKS, each very good in its own way, cover different and limited aspects of the Cuba story. *The Great Deception* is a well researched account by James Monahan and Kenneth O. Gilmore of the events as they took place in Cuba. The starting point is January 1, 1959, when Batista fled, leaving the country to Castro. *Strike in the West,* by James Daniel and John G. Hubbell, deals with the Soviet arms build-up in Cuba and the utter failure of the Kennedy Administration to act until the twelfth hour had struck. All four writers, interestingly enough, are editors of *Reader's Digest.*

The two books complement each other. When read with Nathaniel Weyl's *Red Star Over Cuba,* they offer new aspects of the mosaic. But for a full understanding, a study of the Senate Internal Security Subcommittee hearings, the briefings of Pentagon and CIA officials on Capitol Hill, and of much unpublished material, is required.

The authors of both these books have done a yeoman job. By interviewing hundreds of Cuban exiles, Mr. Monahan and Mr. Gilmore have been able to recreate the atmosphere in Cuba during the first days of the Castro regime and to show the growing disillusion and terror among those who welcomed *fidelismo*'s "liberators." They also describe efforts of Castro's Red masters to organize and export their brand of revolution to other parts of Latin America.

Mr. Daniel and Mr. Hubbell have put together a step-by-step narrative of Kremlin actions, and of Administration reactions to the missile build-up. Their enthusiasm for Mr. Kennedy's belated blockade does not blind them to a number of highly significant facts, nor are they afraid to brand as outright falsifications certain of the Administration's explanations. For example, *Strike in the West* states categorically that between October 3, 1962 and October 14, 1962, weather was excellent for aerial reconnaissance of Cuba, that nothing was done during those "eleven perilous days," and that the White House was less than candid when it claimed that a cloud cover prevented photographic missions. The authors also note that, though the White House now cites U-2 reconnaissance as proof that there are no more missiles in Cuba, our best efforts with high-flying and low-flying planes prior to the Soviet "withdrawal" disclosed only 30 IRBMs and MRBMs, yet 42 were presumably removed. Obviously 12 long-range missiles escaped the eyes of our cameras then. How many more remain to be discovered?

It is not criticism of these two books that they do not tell the Cuba story completely. They were not intended to. Given their limited missions, the authors have done very well indeed. They should be widely read, if only to redeem the mass media from the dishonor it suffered at the hands of the many journalistic Castro convertibles.

Way-Out Science

FRITZ LEIBER

HERE ARE two excellent books of popularized science by Englishmen, books which twenty-five years ago would have been viewed with sour skepticism by most scientists and incredulous bewilderment by most general readers.

Arthur C. Clarke scans the speculations of science-fiction writers for the past fifty years, sieves them through the critical apparatus of the professional scientist, and presents them as "An Inquiry into the Limits of the Possible." In 1938 this would have seemed like polling madmen for their theories of psychosis, though even then anyone who took the trouble could have discovered that at the heart of Einstein's General Theory of Relativity there stands a science-fiction parable or trick story: that a man in a windowless rocket accelerating at one gravity per second would be unable to tell whether his rocket were so accelerating, or standing still on Earth's surface in our planet's gravity field. Also in 1938 Professor Goddard was successfully building liquid-fuel rockets in America and on his own initiative refusing, with a stubbornness for which his countrymen must be thankful, to share the results of his research with inquisitive German scientists.

Clarke is himself a prolific writer of science fiction in the tradition of H. G. Wells, Olaf Stapledon, and Hugo Gernsback, to the last of whom he dedicates his book; but he is also a Fellow of the Royal Astronomical Society, commanded Ground-Controlled-Approach for the RAF during World War II, has been chairman of the British Interplanetary Society, received last year in New Delhi the Kalinga Prize for popularized science, and has written several professional and popular books about the exploration of outer space.

Space exploration is the topic of Sir Bernard Lovell's book, which could be subtitled "The History and Promise of Radio Astronomy and Space Probes." The parallel with Clarke's serious scanning of science fiction is that the discovery that Earth receives a variety of radio signals from outer space, first announced in 1931 by Karl Jansky, a Bell electrical engineer, was greeted then with considerable skepticism by astronomers. To quote Lovell: "Astronomers took little notice of Jansky's discovery and the further development of this subject in the years before the Second World War was left to an amateur, Grote Reber, who built the prototype of the modern radio telescope in the garden of his home in Illinois. This radio telescope was a bowl, thirty feet in diameter, in the form of a paraboloid, mounted so that it could be directed to any part of the sky. This telescope of Reber's has been recently re-erected as a museum piece at the entrance to the United States National Radio

Profiles of the Future, by Arthur C. Clarke. Harper, $3.95

The Exploration of Outer Space, by Sir Bernard Lovell. Harper, $3.00

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MIRACLE in MATHEMATICS

Now comes a new and completely *different* kind of self-teaching math "course"—one that yields truly amazing results!

"The author assumes *no* previous acquaintance with mathematics . . . He advances the reader to some mathematical notions of 'college level' . . . The near-miracle is accomplished by patient, carefully-phrased exposition and by building the discussion step-by-step . . . The book is intended for study *without* the aid of a teacher." *New Technical Books* (of the New York Public Library).

If you have despaired of ever "licking" mathematics, if lack of mathematical knowledge is holding you back, if you have tried other methods and found they simply did nothing for you, then perhaps you would wish to try the remarkable Colerus method. It is *guaranteed* to satisfy your expectations, or full purchase price refunded. Not a tutored math course that stands you anywhere from $150 to $300, but a self-instruction manual that costs a mere $3.95—*if you decide to keep it.*

ORDER NOW!

MATHEMATICS FOR EVERYMAN

by Egmont Colerus **$3.95 Postfree.**

10-day Money-back Guarantee

EMERSON BOOKS, Inc. Dept. 678-M
251 West 19 Street, New York 11

BOOK HUNTING?

Any Book Located

No matter how old or long out-of-print. Fiction, nonfiction. All authors, subjects. Name the book —we'll find it! (Title alone is sufficient.) Thousands of books on hand—others obtainable upon request. Inquire, please. No obligation. Write:
BOOKS-ON-FILE, Dept. NAT
Union City, New Jersey

Art of Argument

by Giles St. Aubyn

Here is a clear, simply written basic guide to logical thinking, showing how to spot the fallacies, the prejudices and emotionalism, the inappropriate analogies, etc., in the other fellow's argument and how to watch for and avoid the irrational in your own judgments. The author makes plain not only *how* but also *why* people resist facing the truth.

A tool for *clear thinking* as well as for *convincing* others. ORDER NOW!

$2.95 Postfree 10-Day Money-Back Guarantee

Emerson Books, Inc., Dept. 679-M
251 West 19th Street, New York 11

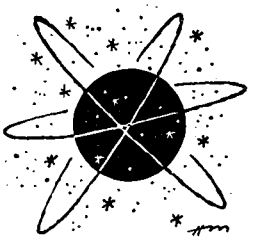
In Defense of Freedom:
A Conservative Credo

by Frank S. Meyer. . . . "is a noteworthy book . . . It represents the views of an appreciable and growing segment of the American public."
—*The Los Angeles Times*

REGNERY

Astronomy Observatory at Greenbank, West Virginia."

Radio astronomy was marvelously stimulated by the development of radar in the hothouse of World War II, when approaching German bombers were spotted by reflected radio waves, and today Lovell directs the 250-foot diameter, 2,000-ton Jodrell Bank radio telescope, which scans space five billion light-years away for hidden galaxies, listens to radio signals reflected from Luna and Venus instead of merely from across the North Sea, and among other tasks tracked and commanded the Pioneer V space probe for 23 million miles outward from Earth.



IN RETROSPECT Victorian astronomy appears to have been influenced by a certain compulsive cleanliness and a tightness of spirit. It pictured the universe as a tidy aseptic vacuum in which hot and cold billiard balls introspectively circled each other at vast distances. The distances have grown even vaster, but radio astronomy has shown that much supposedly empty space is filled with thin warm plasmas of hydrogen and electrons and all sorts of interesting dust swept about by brooms of starlight. The galaxies themselves, the islands of stars such as the Andromeda Nebula and our own Milky Way, are surrounded by halos of radio emission five times their own awesome diameters. This discovery of furious activity in black emptiness is paralleled by the current astronomic consensus that planets such as Earth, able to evolve life, are by no means rare, but that on the contrary there are between one hundred million and five thousand million of them in the Milky Way alone—surely a staggering blow to anthropocentrism.

Lovell's book pictures the universe as the radio telescopes see it; considers its total nature and whether there was a moment of creation; shows how radio and optical telescopes supplement and stimulate each other in their spheres of work; considers whether some cosmic radio signals may be from intelligent beings trying to get in touch with their unknown peers; and concludes with a plea that great precautions be taken lest future space probes landing on Venus and Mars contaminate those planets with microscopic Earth life. It is a good little fact-packed volume for anyone wanting to review his knowledge of astronomy from a somewhat novel viewpoint.

Clarke's book also comes to grips with the immensity of the universe and pictures space probes, including the ones that may be launched from our solar system toward the stars in about sixty years, but it covers in its speculative fashion a wider territory. Clarke begins with such modest possibilities as the obsolescence of roads through the development of air-supported Ground Effect Machines like the Curtis-Wright "Aircar" and the Saunders-Roe "Hovercraft," and works through to the eventual obsolescence of man due to the perfection of self-reproducing machines better able to comprehend and cope with the universe and honor themselves and God.

Some of the more interesting hypothetical machines which Clarke presents are the *replicator,* the ultimate manufacturing device able to scan any object with which it is presented and reproduce it in any desired quantity; the *electronic companion,* a small transistorized computer which would grow up with a person, learn his habits, remind him of appointments, handle his routine correspondence and form-filling, and act in general as his secretary; and the *mechanical educator,* which would impress knowledge and skills on the brain as a symphony is impressed from a master into a plastic disk.

In the spirit of chancing a guess, he lays out a timetable for the immediate future, from which the following entries are samplings: *1970,* manned lunar landing, translating machines; *1980,* fusion power, personal radiophone, landing on Mars; *2010,* weather control, robot mining vehicles to explore deeply under Earth's crust; *2030,* mining the moon and planets, contact with extraterrestrial intelligences; *2050,* gravity control, breeding of intelligent animals; *2080,* machine intelligence exceeds man's, the replicator; *2100,* meeting with extraterrestrials.

Clarke's book is a splendid introduction to the devices and concepts which the science-fiction writers of the past half-century have been exploring with controlled imaginations.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Theater

All Aboard for Allegory

W. H. VON DREELE

AMONG American playwrights, talent, like an airplane ticket, requires constant reconfirmation. Tennessee Williams must find this particularly galling. As near as I can judge from this point in time, two of Williams' plays have become permanent additions to American literature. Now his twelfth Broadway vehicle has closed its run. And what did the critics say? With certain distinguished exceptions, they told us that *The Milk Train Doesn't Stop Here Anymore* was not vintage Williams; that it did not come up to his earlier plays; that he should have stood in bed. And more often than not, the advice was couched in a tone of undisguised joy.

For instance, the *New Yorker* wrote that the play is "made up of shreds and patches of the author's other works." I've always wondered—no impiety intended—how Shakespeare would have fared had a critic from an Elizabethan *New Yorker* stalked the Globe. Would he have described, say, *All's Well That Ends Well* as a vulgar mish-mash several cuts below *Romeo and Juliet*? Or would *All's Well* have received the *Milk Train* treatment: "Mr. Shakespeare, as everyone knows, has an enormous fund of dramatic ingenuity, but I'm afraid he didn't draw on it to any considerable measure here."

Well, let's say right off that *Milk Train* isn't the equal of *The Glass Menagerie* or *A Streetcar Named Desire*. Then let's add quickly that it rose above the current Broadway theater the way Mont-Saint-Michel soars above the coastal sand flats.

Flora "Cissy" Goforth has run through six husbands, five of them "apes" and the sixth "a beautiful boy with the soul of a poet." Cissy's now pushing seventy and has retired to one of three connecting villas on Italy's Divina Costiera to write her memoirs. We feel a bit uneasy at first contemplating this rather trite situation among sets which teeter on the chi-chi. But as Hermione Baddeley begins to bite into what can only be described as another of Williams' wondrously bawdy roles, the distractions fade; and we start to believe.

Cissy is rushing to meet a two-months-off publication deadline. She's aided by a villa-wide intercom system, a tape recorder, and a secretary (Ann Williams). Cissy's memories are those of the International Set in the twenties and thirties, and her haste in setting them down stems from her half-admitted knowledge that she is dying. Into this atmosphere of impending death (juxtaposed against hilarious asides, descriptions and outrageous struttings: a Williams trademark) steps Chris Flanders (Paul Roebling). It is almost a disaster. Williams' usually unerring instinct when selecting a male lead (*i.e.*, Marlon Brando, Paul Newman) had failed him here. For Chris Flanders is nothing less than a Christ figure—an acting challenge which hopelessly escaped the paper-thin dimensions projected by Mr. Roebling.

But just when we're about to throw up our hands, in walks Cissy's contemporary from Capri, Vera Ridgeway Condotti, played with utter authority by Mildred Dunnock. These two virtuosos have a marvelous time over cocktails while Chris fades temporarily into the background. Both exude those peculiarly American qualities which Williams oftens assigns his heroines. They're brutally frank, despise cant, abhor intrigue. They are, I suppose, aristocrats. "One thing I can't stand's being a patsy," Cissy snorts. They stand out among the Europeans one knows like honest sun flowers in a Villa d'Este hothouse.

At some point in their conversation, Vera cautions Cissy that Chris is "the angel of death." We are already aware that Cissy lives on the Divine Coast. Thus, when she asks Chris somewhat carpingly: "Can you walk on the water?" the pattern's clear. Symbols and allegory are on stage—have been from the beginning. Reactions toward them depend to a great extent on one's temperament and inclinations. They do not ob-

ANOTHER "FIRST" from REGNERY

The perfect combination of eyewitness truth and literary skill . . . shocking revelations of SOVIET PRISON LIFE AND ITS EFFECT UPON THE CAPTORS!

GAMAILIS

& OTHER TALES FROM STALIN'S RUSSIA

by Vladimir Andreyev

In a great piece of literature, this former NKVD officer (who has since served the Western world as an authority) tells six sharply etched short stories of life in the concentration camps of the "region of eternal frost."

Sensational revelations of total evil. Truth presented as fiction, with gripping interest. Exciting . . . quotable . . . unforgettable! $4.95

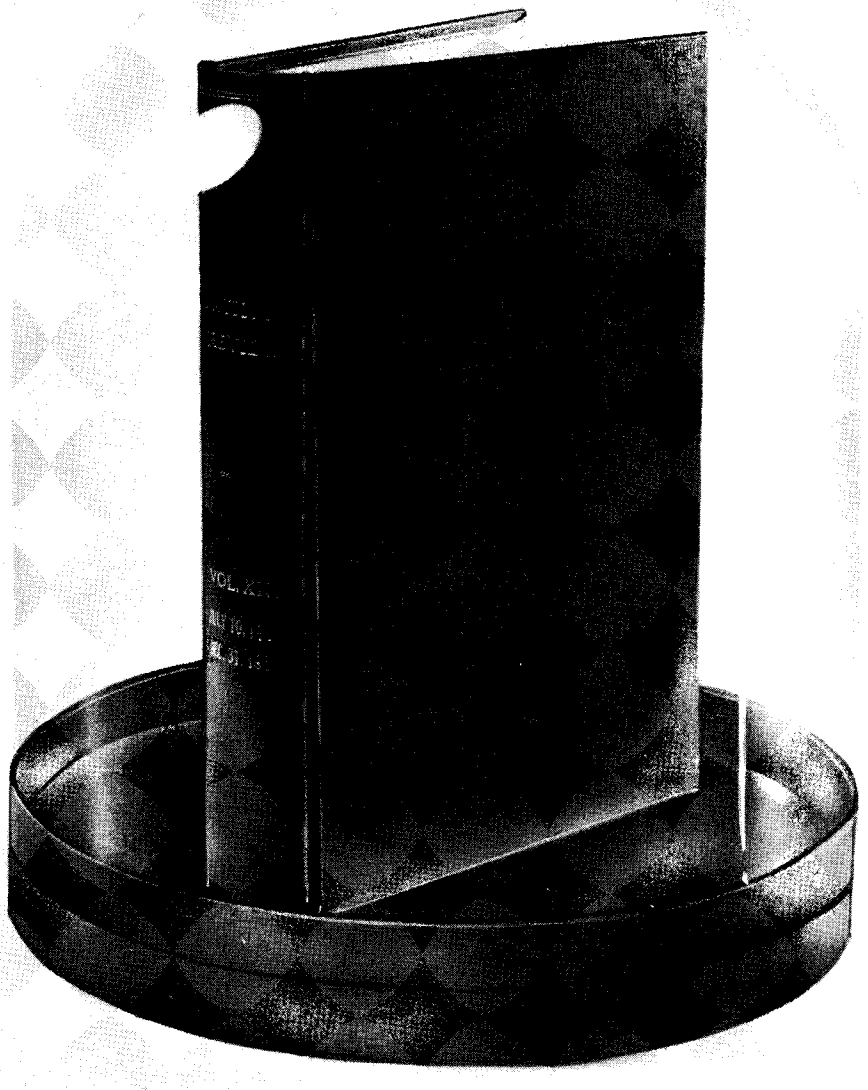
At your favorite bookstore or direct from the publisher

Henry REGNERY Company

14 E. JACKSON • CHICAGO 4, ILL.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

You don't have to put Volume XIII under glass yet...*



. . . but you may want to, someday. A Bound Volume of **National Review** is a record that becomes more priceless as time goes by—like a fine wine, it **improves** with age.

When you want to recall how things seemed **at the time;** to remember what people thought and said about the great events of our age; to find out what **really** happened, nothing will be of more value to you (or to your **children**) than these handsome volumes of **National Review.**

Truly, "history that cannot be rewritten," they will add to your permanent library a living record, unadulterated by historical hindsight or misrepresentation.

You can begin your collection of bound volumes of **National Review** (including the **Bulletin)** now with Vol. XIII (July 17 through December 31, 1962). Each volume is fully indexed, beautifully bound, and stamped in 24-carat gold. It is a strikingly handsome way to keep your complete file of **National Review.**

Until April 15, you can order for only $13.95 the volume. We pay all postage and handling. After that date, the price reverts to the regular $20.00 rate. Please enclose a $5.00 deposit with your order. We will bill you for the balance of $8.95 when your volume is shipped.

* *We imagine some people must have Volume I (November 19, 1955 through May 16, 1956) under glass: it sells now for $75 the volume—when one can be found. Two copies are available right now—along with a few copies of other earlier volumes. Readers interested in these vintage volumes may receive full information by writing P. J. Gorman,* National Review.

ORDER FORM

Fill out and Mail TODAY!

Gentlemen:

Please send me, with all postage and handling postpaid, Bound Volume XIII of *National Review* (including the *Bulletin*). I enclose:

☐ *$13.95 full payment*

☐ *$5.00 deposit (and the balance of $8.95 to be paid when I receive the Volume)*

Name _____ (please print)

Address _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

trude. As the play raced toward the final curtain, I chose to ignore them. Is Chris resisting temptation as a Christ figure, or is Cissy simply trying, and failing, on a last fling? Here, it's every man for himself.

Therefore, let's simply reconfirm an earlier opinion: *Milk Train* was great fun. For the playgoer who has reached a certain age, one of the pleasant dividends of a Williams play is his optimistic view toward sex and the senior citizen. There wasn't a better antidote for that blue, back-numberish feeling than *Milk Train* before it was run off the track. Two hours with Hermione Baddeley and Mildred Dunnock did more for the drooping libido than the most sophisticated gland transplant.

BOOKS IN BRIEF

RELIGIOUS LIBERTY AND THE AMERICAN PRESIDENCY, by Patricia Barrett (Herder and Herder, $4.50). The cant phrase after the 1960 election was that American Catholics had "come of age." But had we, when the candidate whom 80 per cent of us voted for had as his only distinctions a Capitol Hill attendance record almost as casual as Adam Clayton Powell's and a kind of celebrity as one of Washington's gayer middle-aging blades? The campaign was in fact predicated on Catholic gullibility. The Bailey Report, as cynical as it was accurate, outlined how the Catholic vote would be recovered by a Democrat who crossed himself (however seldom). It should have been called the Barnum Report. Can the Attorney General explain, for example, why anti-Catholic hate literature was mailed in many areas only to Irish, Italian and Polish names? Wasn't it like the old days in Boston, when one of the boys would dress up as a Methodist minister and call on the McGillicuddys to urge them not to vote for that no-good Papist, Fitzgerald? But these and other interesting questions are never touched on in this, the non-book of the month. N. MCCAFFREY

THE SMOKING MOUNTAIN: *Stories of Germany during the Occupation*, by Kay Boyle (Knopf, $4.95). Miss Boyle writes with grief rather than an animus, for stupidity and arrogance cannot be legislated against, nor can a new generation be protected from their infection. Hence Miss Boyle's emphasis on children throughout—German, American, and refugee—and their disturbing reflection of their parents' anxieties and prejudices. The stories are sharply and beautifully rendered, but the gripping part of the book remains the long introduction, an expertly told account of the trial in Frankfurt of SS-Untersturmführer Heinrich Baab. Here we can see a minor official, who had leave and encouragement to be a monster, brought to justice by his townspeople long after the war. The stories are thus balanced by fact, and the Germans of the stories, blind to compassion and stupid with anger, are at least shown to be capable of bearing witness against their real enemy, the terrorists of a police state against which we, or they, will probably never know whether they were powerless to rebel. That they did not try is the interesting point for Miss Boyle, and her scrutiny of the German character is moved by the curiosity to discover why not. G. DAVENPORT

THE NAKED RISE OF COMMUNISM, by Frank L. Kluckhohn (Monarch, 75¢). Mr. Kluckhohn, twenty-year correspondent for the *New York Times* and a former State Department official, follows up his *America: Listen* with a discussion of the freedom of the civilized world. Step by step he describes how the Soviets, using the familiar Communist weapons of genocide and mass terror, overran the Baltic states and Eastern Europe. And he shows how support of coalition governments and the policy of containment, both of which the State Department has pursued with the wide-eyed trust of the farmer's daughter, have disastrously weakened the West. This book is unlikely to be welcomed by members of the Establishment; but those who like their history straight, undiluted by disguised mythology, will find the book a perfect *apéritif*. E. MCDOWELL

"You can count the great restaurants in America on the fingers of one hand."

VOISIN

Restaurant Voisin is one of them.
Open every day for luncheon, cocktails and dinner.
30 East 65th St. For reservations: Michel, LE 5-3800

OLD BOOKS FOUND

What Books Do You Want?
We specialize in searching for
OLD AND RARE BOOKS
Prompt Service — Lowest Prices — Any Subject
OLD AUTHORS Dept. NA-35, Rowan, Iowa

HOTEL BEDFORD/ *New York City*
40th Street, just east of Park Ave. For the discriminating guest who prefers quiet and privacy in the midst of town. Spacious air-conditioned accommodations with private bath, television and pantry. Superb restaurant and cocktail lounge. Family Plan and monthly rates available. Write Dept. NR for brochure.

Don't miss your boat!

. . . or your plane. Don't arrive to find your favorite hotel full. Travel the easy, modern way—have everything waiting for you—let Margaret Cone make all your reservations now. Whether you are on business or vacation, you should enjoy yourself. And you *will* if you contact

MARGARET CONE TRAVEL SERVICE
Dept. R-1, 520 Fifth Ave.
New York 36, N.Y.
Tel. OXford 7-0796

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

classified advertisements

LITERARY

LOCATE any book. Best prices. Aardvarks, Box 668-N, San Diego 12, California.

HIGHLY INFORMATIVE NEWSLETTER FREE. Published and edited by New York college political science students. Send stamped self-addressed envelope: Newsletter, 637 Warburton Ave., Yonkers, N.Y.

BOOKS. We locate hard to find out-of-print books. If they're around, they can be found. No charge for searching. Edith Hall, 14 Roosevelt Street, Roseland, N.J.

THIS IS YOUR CONSTITUTION. Complete text explained and illustrated on Antique paper in color. 50¢ each. Box 3089, Waco, Texas.

REAL ESTATE

YOUR KENT, CONNECTICUT REAL ESTATE BROKER will be on vacation until May 6. Call me at that time for desirable and attractive sales and rentals in this vicinity. (Letters meanwhile will be forwarded.) MARCIA L. BURNHAM, Kent, Conn. 203 WA 7-3117.

FLORIDA LAKE LIVING—Silver Springs, Orlando area. $195.00 lots $5.00 month. Free colored photos. Bloch Brothers, Belleview 28, Florida.

OFFICE SPACE. Young organization wishes to sublet portion of its fourth floor suite at 150 East 35th St. Excellent building, self-service elevator. For further information call 914 DE 7-6846, N.Y.C.

APARTMENT TO SHARE in Jackson Heights. Catholic girl with 2 small boys would like to share apartment with same. I work nights — you work days. Call HA 4-5127, Jackson Hgts., N.Y.

RENT CONTROLLED APARTMENTS. East side of Manhattan. 1-2-3 bedrooms. Bell & Ward Realty Corp., New York. Call RE 7-5929.

JOBS AND JOB HUNTERS

OUTSTANDING OPPORTUNITY for outstanding recent college graduate to age 30 with military obligations fulfilled to train 2-3 years for regional sales mgr. with one of largest U.S. corporations. Salary plus generous incentive compensation. Must have quick mind, desire to be at top, personable. Write full resume to Box 359, NR. All replies strictly confidential.

Conservative, experienced math teacher/coach with private school education seeks position with private elementary/secondary school. Write Box 410, NR.

COLLEGE GRADUATE (30) with 7 years successful financial and sales promotion experience seeks opportunity as administrative assistant to top management. Flair for writing. B.S. degree Business & Public Administration. Write Box 368, NR.

AMERICAN CONSULTANT, with excellent European Management and Industrial Labor Relations experience, seeks challenging executive position in USA or Europe with American firm, active in International Business. Presently in Italy. Languages: English, French, Italian. Married. Resume upon request. Box 310, NR.

YOU MAY NEED articulate, informed speaker, writer, radio, TV commentator; 14 years sales executive management experience, including overseas experience. Representation or guidance in Hawaii, or will relocate. Prompt reply. Write Box 403, NR.

TIME ON MY HANDS (between diaper changes)—former secretary turned housewife is available FOR TYPING only, especially manuscripts. Reasonable rates. Call FA 4-2787, Bronx, N.Y.

RESEARCH LIBRARIAN. Indexing, clipping, libraries and vertical files catalogued, Atlanta area. Box 418, NR.

TRAVEL

THE PERFECT VACATION: 3 bedrm furnished house on Southern California coast near famous Delmar Racetrack, beaches. $150 wk or part of racing season, July-Sept. Write Box 500, NR.

333 EUROPEAN HOTELS. 140 European cities, 19 countries covered in list of excellent, inexpensive hotels. Prices, addresses. $1.00. BONVOYAGE, Box 24684RV, Los Angeles 24, Cal.

EUROPE AND HAWAII—all summer long. Comprehensive programs at low cost designed by the Student Travel Overseas Program. Folders on request. S.T.O.P. TOURS, 2123 Addison St., Berkeley 4, California.

MOUNTAINEERING, SURVIVAL TRAINING, SUMMER SKIING, CAVE EXPLORING, boys 12-16. The Ashcrofters, two four-week sessions, separate girls' session. Box 4, Aspen, Colorado, or phone Mr. Farny, Morristown, N.J. JE 8-1042.

STUDENT TRAVEL STUDENTS CAN AFFORD. 35 exciting itineraries, 35-60 Land days, from $660 (including transportation). U.S. National Student Association, Dept. RV, 20 West 38 St., New York 18.

INVESTMENTS

DO YOU INVEST? For prompt, courteous service and convenient midtown stock brokerage facilities, phone Leon Weil, Steiner Rouse & Company, MU 2-0300, Lexington and 41st St., New York City. Members New York Stock Exchange.

DOCTOR, ARE YOU INVESTING IN A NEW CLINIC? We have a complete service to offer or will work with your attorney and architect. Extremely competitive mortgage rates available. Clinic Consultants Company, Suite 920, 175 West Jackson Boulevard, Chicago, Ill.

SPECIAL ATTENTION to your investments from Frank Caponegro, HA 2-3600. Associated with J. R. Williston & Beane, 2 Broadway, N.Y.C. Members New York Stock Exchange.

WOMEN ARE WISE INVESTORS! Looking for a practical investment plan? Call Anne C. Johnson, YU 6-6330. A. G. Edwards & Sons, 30 E. 42nd St., N.Y.C. Members New York Stock Exchange.

LOS ANGELES INVESTORS! For personal, professional attention to your investments, call Jerry Belt, J. Barth & Co., 3323 Wilshire Blvd., DU 5-1585. Members New York Stock Exchange.

MISCELLANEOUS

WANTED: Fine furniture to furnish unfurnished apartment. Especially interested in twin beds, lamps, end tables, coffee table. Reasonably priced. Write Box 341, NR, or call OR 9-7330, ext. 33.

LEARN WHILE ASLEEP, self-hypnosis, prayer-plant experiments! Details, catalog FREE. Research Association, Box 24-NL, Olympia, Washington.

GOLDWATER AND TOWER ON RECORD —a 12" long-playing album recorded on-the-spot at the giant Madison Square Garden Rally held by YAF last March 7. Featuring major addresses by: Senators Barry Goldwater and John Tower and NR editor L. Brent Bozell. A permanent record of an unforgettable evening. Supply limited—so order your copies now! ONLY $3.50 each; bulk prices on request. Write to Box UA, 150 East 35th Street, New York 16, New York.

AFGHAN HOUNDS: Oldest breed known. $250. Write Box 415, NR.

CREATIVE MINDS AVAILABLE. For art work, ad campaigns, direct mail, copy and production: Contact ULTRA ARTS, INC., 150 East 35th Street, New York 16, N.Y. (ORegon 9-7493).

National Review Accepts . . .

classified advertisements for personal services, items wanted or for sale, jobs sought or available, houses or apartments for sale or rent, and miscellaneous subjects of a comparable nature. National Review does not accept political advertisements of any kind, or advertisements which are solicitations for funds or subscriptions. National Review reserves the right to reject any copy deemed unsuitable for whatever reason. National Review's Classified space is limited to one page. Since the page is filled, the Classified Department will in general assign priorities to advertisers in order of their acceptance, while at the same time striving to give our readers a reasonably balanced page of available products and services. Rates per insertion: 40¢ per word, minimum 10 words. Text accompanied by full payment must be received 25 days before publication date. Responses to box numbers will be forwarded. Address: Classified Department, National Review, 150 East 35th Street, New York 16, New York.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

To the Editor

To the Brink

Brinkmanship is indeed necessary to preserve freedom. But Edgar Ansel Mowrer [March 26] seems to be carried away with White House press handouts when he says, "Our recent victory over the USSR at Cuba was a smashing example."

Dulles' formula for successful performance at the brink stressed that "if you try to run away from it . . . you are lost." The only victory won at Cuba was the extra 25 Democratic congressional seats gained the week before the blockade was removed. If Mowrer sees this as a victory for the West, then I aver, "A few more victories like this and we'll lose the war."

Buffalo, N.Y. BARBARA MAXWELL

Psychiatry and Liberty

You have caught hold of a most important public matter and done a great public service in presenting Dr. Szasz's views on psychiatry as a threat to civil liberties [Mar. 12].

May I therefore urge you not to stop with just this one pronouncement by Dr. Szasz? He is entirely correct in describing the unique responsibility that has been laid on the psychiatrist by the law. He is entirely misleading, in my opinion, on just about everything else he has to say.

Washington, D.C. FRANK C. WALDROP
The Washington School of Psychiatry

It is not necessary to accept the whole position of Dr. Szasz in order to accept the heart of his argument. There may very well be such a thing as mental illness, although ten years from now (as I stoutly believe) we may have learnt that it is all a matter of biochemistry. But whether the interference in law comes from psychiatrists or biochemists we should beware the destruction of due process.

Law should be precise, intelligible, and generally (that is, justly) applied. To the extent that it falls short of these marks it approaches chaos, administered by faddists draped as "experts."

And as for that young man who was wrongly locked up for four years on the say-so of nine psychiatrists, it doesn't do to pass it off as a miscarriage of justice. Justice, that is, legal process, wasn't even given a *chance* to miscarry. That's Dr. Szasz's point.

Given the choice between law and faddism, a decent society will take the law.

New York, N.Y. W. FRANK ROBERTS

I was most delighted to hear from Dr. Szasz that the psychiatrists are plotting to overthrow this great democracy of ours by placing everyone in mental hospitals. I suggest they start with Dr. Szasz and the editorial staff of your magazine.

New York, N.Y. ROBERT B. WOOSTER JR.

We are not amused. —*N. B^te*

I must disagree with Sister Paye's letter in the March 26th issue of NATIONAL REVIEW. Dr. Szasz' article, though lacking "sparkle" and "excitement of language typical of *NR*" (we are not, after all, twins each one of us to Edmund Burke), nonetheless attacked firmly from within its own sacred echelons one of the biggest hoaxes of the twentieth century. Dr. Szasz was a brave man to do so. What he failed to do was to cite a few primary sources. A good conservative, after all, goes back into the burning or tottering house as far as he can to rescue what is valuable to the maintenance of the civilized individual. His article brought immediately to mind two great literary figures—Ben Jonson and Herman Melville. Freud himself based much of his theory on myth and literature.

Jonson's great play *The Alchemist* might well be called "The Psychiatrist" or "The Educator" of our day. With its grandiose terminology and mystical jargon, alchemy hoodwinked several centuries of "gulls." Moreover, Jonson, and Chaucer, too, did not attack alchemy as such, but rather, applied alchemy: alchemy burst out of its esoteric laboratory into the realm of the real experience of everyday life. Bernard Shaw pointed out that the trouble with Hedda Gabler was that she did not really die but that she is still with us; the same might be said for Jonson's Subtle and Face. They are still relegating Abel Druggers to forms of epicurism and smoke-shop keeping: to female guidance counseling, for example, and to third-assistant-engineer tester in General Motors.

Herman Melville in his novella *Billy Budd* has spoken once and for all not only in judgment of those presumptuous people who decided that the English Bedlam ought to be well stocked for the masses who enjoyed a certain kind of amusement there, but also of those "cute" and "compassionate" Liberal Americans who enjoy seeing one of their strongest symbols of self-discipline, a general of the United States Army, enervated by their new-found psychiatry and debunked by their new-

READER'S SERVICE

Please include your **National Review** wrapper address whenever you write us about your subscription: it carries, below your name, the code line that is all but indispensable for accurate and speedy attention to your request.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

Please let us know at least three weeks in advance. And, if you are also a **Bulletin** subscriber, be sure to let us know, so that we can change **both** address plates (they are on **separate** lists).

ATTACH LABEL HERE

When you change your address, attach old label here, and print new address below

NAME (please print)

NEW ADDRESS

CITY ZONE STATE

☐ Please change my **Bulletin** address also.

MAIL TO: Reader's Service Dept., National Review, 150 East 35 Street, New York 16, N.Y.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"We guarantee to reduce your plant maintenance costs!"

John J. Stolz
Asst. Vice President, Engineering
The Tool Steel Gear & Pinion Co.

You receive a written guarantee stating that our "Tool Steel Process" hardened products will last longer in the same service than any other competitive part. Proof of this can be found wherever TSP hardened products are in use both in the U.S.A. and abroad. Hundreds of thousands of dollars are saved annually in maintenance costs simply because TSP products keep tough service equipment operating. For example, TSP piston rods in a chemical plant are giving 3 to 5 times the life of ordinary rods. TSP sheave wheels on a steel mill crane are delivering 8 times the service of previous sheaves and doubling wire rope life. TSP brake wheels on overhead cranes outlast ordinary wheels by 20 to 1, while prolonging brake life by 4 to 1. TSP trunnion rolls on cement kilns are regularly delivering many times the life of solid forged rollers. Request your copy of Bulletin 352 which explains what TSP products are, or write to Emmett Haeckl, Customer Service Dept., outlining your "tough service" problem for a prompt recommendation.

THE TOOL STEEL GEAR & PINION COMPANY
CINCINNATI / OHIO / USA

found social compassion. Wrote Melville:

"Who in the rainbow can draw the line where the violet tint ends and the orange tint begins? Distinctly we see the difference of the colors, but where exactly does the one first blendingly enter into the other? So with sanity and insanity. In pronounced cases, in various degrees supposedly less pronounced, to draw the exact line of demarkation few will undertake tho' for a fee some professional experts will. There is nothing namable but that some men will undertake to do it for pay."

Urbana, Ill. TOM EHRET

Rusher on the GOP (cont.)

I am seldom moved to write letters-to-the-editors, but I was genuinely caught up with the idea proposed by William Rusher [Feb. 12]. I think there *is* only one way for the GOP to choose at the "crossroads" in '64. As long as the voters know that Kennedyism, Liberalism and middle-of-the-roadism just plain don't work, period, we have a roaring chance to win in '64.

Northampton, Mass. JOY DANIELS

As a southern conservative and presently a man without a party, I heartily endorse Mr. Rusher's analysis that Goldwater would make the GOP a better Presidential candidate than Rockefeller.

Since the only GOP President for the past 30 years was elected as a military hero and not because of his party affiliation or political views, I think the Republicans should take a new look before naming a candidate whose record and philosophy would be so similar to the New Frontier that they would be automatically deprived of any fundamental issue.

After Nixon swallowed most of Rockefeller's views and proclaimed his objectives to be essentially the same as Kennedy's, the most I could do was to vote for him with no enthusiasm and little hope; but I would actively work for Goldwater and contribute to his campaign, and that is the kind of thing it will take to carry the Solid South for a Republican.

Waynesboro, Ga. JOHN J. JONES

Re Liberal S. Allen (cont.)

Steve Allen's comic sense has always given full value to the funny-bone effect of *contradiction*. And *contradiction* is what popped up in his enjoyable "How to Attack a Liberal" [Feb. 26]. In one place he says:

". . . I am to a great extent conservative. In other words I respect the Constitution, the flag, our national tradition, and the political philosophy of our forefathers."

In another place he says:

"If the conservative force had always been dominant, neither Christianity nor the American Revolution, to mention but two examples, would have flowered."

Brooklyn, N.Y. JOHN J. FOX

Steve Allen's "How to Attack a Liberal" was great! Articles by thoughtful Liberals such as Mr. Allen improve your publication.

Lakewood, Calif. EDMUND J. WIANECKI

Set It Right

I protest the classification of Nazis and fascists as "rightists." Liberals are continually alleging that the extreme Right is "fascist." But conservatives favor limited government and a high degree of individual freedom of action. An extreme rightist would therefore be an anarchist. Since fascism involves great governmental control, it is manifestly a left-wing heresy.

St. Paul, Minn. JOHN MARTIN

Just War

I must register emphatic dissent from the views on strategic warfare advanced by Mr. Frank Meyer—a gentleman with whom I usually agree thoroughly and fervently—in his article [Feb. 12]. Granting it to be very much of an *ad hominem* argument, I cannot refrain from commenting that Mr. Meyer places himself in very curious company when 1) he apparently condemns the atomic bombing of Japan (shades of *Hiroshima Mon Amour* and Linus Pauling!) and 2) he aligns himself with Mr. Secretary McNamara and his civilian think-factories, who very subtly have been attempting to change the basic concept of strategic warfare from the traditional destruction of the enemy's capacity to make war, to exclusive concentration on his military forces —which, properly speaking, is not strategic warfare at all, but tactical.

For Mr. Meyer's information, the McNamara "counter-force" strategy was imposed upon the Air Force and the Strategic Air Command, against vigorous dissent, by the Kennedy Ad-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ministration during its first months in office, long before anyone on the outside knew about it, and it was done with the steel fist showing very clearly through the velvet glove. "McNamara's Ban" prevents anyone in uniform from talking about it, but a little digging will reveal the facts.

As a strategic concept, thermonuclear "counter-force" is absurd — frighteningly absurd. It assumes either that we will be the aggressors — a prospect I find neither necessary nor at all probable, nor normal—or that blows directed against empty airfields and fired-off missile launchers or widely scattered, fast-moving infantry and armored forces will somehow defeat an enemy aggressor. The latter concept is simply ridiculous; one had only to state it to see that. The former must be based on an expectation that we will launch a nuclear attack on some provocation *less* than any Russian military attack—conventional or otherwise—on us or the nations on the borders of the Communist empire we are treaty-bound to defend. This I cannot conceive. From my standpoint it would be a lot less moral than using the atomic bomb against the nation guilty of Pearl Harbor. Nor would it spare us. Not all the Russian missile launchers could be destroyed; and there is no known defense against an ICBM.

Cities are the heart of an industrial nation's power to make war. They are a target neither missiles nor bombers can miss. Their destruction would destroy the enemy, totally, irredeemably. The loss of life would be fantastic. But so would ours, if nuclear war were to be thrust upon us. The right of self-defense is a fundamental aspect of the right to life itself. It is always moral.

The strategy of deterrence has prevented a full-scale shooting world war for eighteen years when at any other period in history such a war would have been absolutely inevitable. Of course this strategy alone is not enough, for our ultimate aim must be victory. I agree with many of James Burnham's criticisms of it in "The Polaris Line." But as far as it goes, it is indispensable. Where Mr. Meyer gets his speculation that maybe "the policy of deterrence by threatening annihilation of populations cannot deter" (unless it might be from Norman Cousins, who has been saying just that for years) I cannot imagine. That policy *has* deterred, it *is* deterring, and it *will* deter—as long as the enemy is convinced we mean it. Its success was spelled out for the whole world to see in Khrushchev's explanation to the Chinese Communists, at the recent conclave in East Germany, of why he dared not launch a nuclear war.

I hope Khrushchev did not read Mr. Meyer's article, just as I hope that the Butcher of the Ukraine does not believe Secretary McNamara when he suggests that we might spare Moscow if Mr. K's rockets bypass Washington to hit, say, Bolling Field.

Dallas, Tex. WARREN H. CARROLL

Frank S. Meyer's generally sensitive probing of the morality of the use of nuclear weapons in the just war closed with words that had ominous implications: ". . . Even granted the most horrendous estimates of the effects of their use, the preservation of human life as a biological phenomenon is an end far lower than the defense of freedom and right and truth. These the victory of Communism would destroy. These it is our duty to defend at all costs."

I opt to prevent a nuclear disaster *at all costs*. This does not mean that I am unaware of the threat to our freedom, or that I will not cling tenaciously to my own freedom. I will know when to engage the enemy of my freedom (whether the enemy is Communism, Fascism, Big Brotherism, or some other). I may well find myself, as it were, fighting in the streets of Budapest. But if this circumstance does arise, I want the opportunity to make such a life-or-death decision for myself. To those who cry, "Better dead than Red," I extend my full support of their right to carry out that maxim for themselves. But let each man his quietus make in his own way if that becomes necessary. No one has the right to make that decision for another, much less for the entire world.

Rochester, Minn. WERNER HEIDEL

A Matter of Style

I consider your placement of Miss Daniels' "Tour of the *Times Book Review*" [Mar. 12] a scant three pages away from Mr. W. F. Rickenbacker's piece under "Books in Brief" to be a strategic calamity. In her article, Miss Daniels encourages us to "look for banality" and for "pretentious nonsense." And if we look, we do

Speaking Up . . .

Russell Kirk, author of *The Conservative Mind*, and whose book of short stories *The Surly Sullen Bell* has just been published, is also the author of nine major works of political theory, of 17 critical introductions for scholarly reprints of the classics, and of three romance and mystery novels. He has had over 400 short stories and essays published in the leading magazines of this country and Europe. Dr. Kirk is a professor of politics, editor of *The University Bookman*, and a lecturer. There's no doubt about it, he's versatile. He has spoken to clubs, and on nearly 150 American campuses.

Some of Dr. Kirk's lecture topics include *The Future of American Conservatism*, *The Crisis of American Protestantism*, *Reforming American Education*, *The Anatomy of Collectivism* and *The Disintegrated Liberalism in Foreign Policy*.

If your University or club would like to hear Dr. Kirk, won't you write? He will be in the East, the Midwest, the South and the Southwest in April and early May.

You may also want to write for openings in the schedules of our other speakers: L. Brent Bozell, Willmoore Kendall, Miguel Kohly, Ralph de Toledano, Frank Meyer, Thomas Molnar, William Rickenbacker, Ernest van den Haag or William A. Rusher.

CATHERINE BABCOCK, INC.

528 Southside Road

Virginia Beach, Virginia

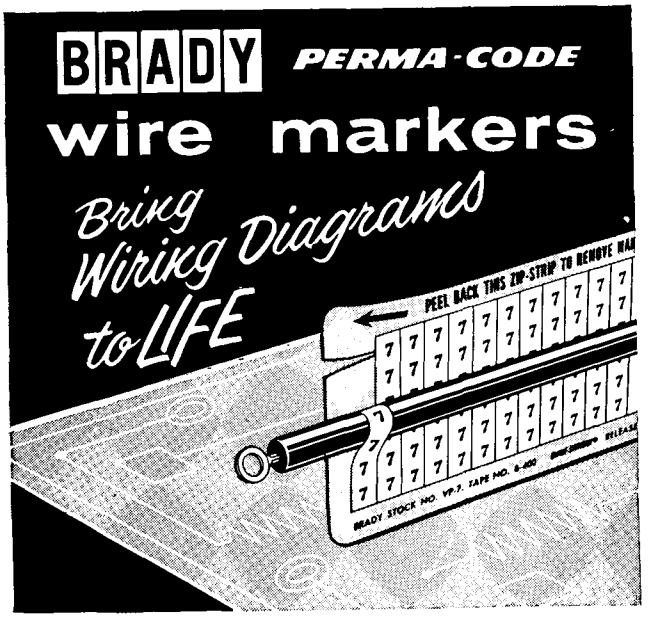
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

". . . No one was allowed to live after his own fancy; but the city was a sort of camp, in which every man had his share of provisions and business set out . . . The Commissar* bred up his citizens in such a way that neither would nor could live by themselves; they were to make themselves one with the public good, and clustering like bees around their commander . . . their zeal and public spirit carried all but out of themselves."

From PLUTARCH'S LIVES (1949)
Reprinted by permission of
Henry Regnery Company, Chicago

*The underlined portion substituted. The original reads "Lycursus," lawgiver of ancient Sparta.

BRADY PERMA-CODE
wire markers
Bring Wiring Diagrams to LIFE



Brady self-sticking Wire Markers tell which wire goes where, permanently . . . *directly*. The number on the wire list is the number on the wire. No confusing colors and tracers to convert. Brady stocks thousands of standard legends in five different sizes — four job-tested materials. Dispenser card mounted for fast application.

Write for new bulletin and testing samples. FREE!

W. H. BRADY CO.
719 W. Glendale Avenue • Milwaukee 9, Wisconsin
Manufacturers of Quality Pressure-Sensitive Industrial Tape Products, Self-Bonding Nameplates, Automatic Machines for Dispensing Labels, Nameplates, Masks and Tape. Est. 1914

indeed find it, though we need not (alas!) go as far as the *Times Book Review*. Speaking for myself, I admit to experiencing considerable difficulty when I try to classify some of Mr. Rickenbacker's statements, such as:

"His was a lifelong rhapsody of tone, wound around a tonic he accepted, sung in melodies hung on a dominant he taught another generation to sing."

Or:

"For musicians this book holds much music; for people, much people."

Do these fall into the "pretentious nonsense" category or into the "banality" category? Mr. Rickenbacker's language seems painfully laden with both characteristics. But perhaps Mr. Rickenbacker is beyond me, and I am just not sensitive to the fine nuances of his style and the many intricacies of his arguments.

Baltimore, Md. MICHAEL MARLIES

Cato Erravit

Mr. Hughes, the "CIA aide" referred to by Cato [Feb. 26], is not a member of CIA, but of DIA, the Defense Intelligence Agency. He is not, as portrayed by most journalists, a crackerjack intelligence officer, but a professional briefer, selected for the job because of his phenomenal memory.

Ft. Lauderdale, Fla. FRANK W. CHARLES

(Continued from p. 283)

ality. The real argument for using gas warfare is that it gives us a better chance of winning battles in which our forces are engaged. We need all types of gases, lethal as well as non-lethal.

The tactical use of gas would be for sealing off a region in a country threatened by Communist guerrillas. Periodic drenching with gas would be undertaken for the purpose of establishing a protective zone of land —much as mine-fields are used. By contaminating an area, the defenders could force the enemy to keep his distance. And unless the enemy had air superiority or superior artillery forces, he could not retaliate against the defenders who were enjoying the protection of a gas barrier.

Unless the United States is prepared to make use of its industrial and technical know-how, as in the case of chemical warfare, it will continue to fight at a disadvantage.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Elderly couple turned back into East Berlin by communist guards at Berlin wall.

FREEDOM IS NOT LOST BY GUNS ALONE

The greatest threats to personal freedom may come from guns and terror outside our borders. But there's also a quiet threat within. It is the steady expansion of federal government in business—and into our daily lives.

For 30 years this threat has grown. Today the federal government owns many thousand businesses, from shoe repair shops to rope factories. In the field of electricity alone the output of federally owned plants has risen from less than 1% of the industry's total in 1935 to more than 15% today. And advocates of government-in-business press constantly for more.

They advocate a dangerous course. When government owns business, it can control both goods and jobs. It adds economic powers to its vast political powers. When it does that, it can tell you where to work and live, even what to do or say. Then freedom has slipped quietly away.

A quiet threat can be the deadliest. You may not know it's there until too late.

Investor-Owned Electric Light and Power Companies... *serving more than 140,000,000 people across the nation*

Sponsors' names on request through this magazine

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Western-style floor—by Kentile! This steak house features a floor in new Kentile® Woodgrain® Solid Vinyl Planks. Shown: random shades of Birch. Totem Pole insert uses plain colors in Solid Vinyl Tile.

*Want a wood floor's beauty...with far less work? Use new Kentile Woodgrain Solid Vinyl Planks. No need ever to sand or refinish. Waxings last and last. And, because these are solid vinyl planks, they'll take years of heavy traffic. Grease-proof, too. Your Kentile Dealer? Look him up in the Yellow Pages.**

**Or consult your architect, builder, or interior designer. There's a Kentile Floor for every business, at every price. Over 250 colors in 5 types of tile.*

VINYL KENTILE FLOORS

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED